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CHRONICLE.

THE House of Commons met again on *Monday* after its holiday in no great numbers and discussed for eight mortal hours the Diplomatic and Consular Vote, to which there might, let us say, very properly have been allotted about one quarter of the time. But all is fish that comes to an Irish member's net; Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL can never lose an opportunity of covering with shame the faces of those persons who used in India to speak of him as a man of some ability, and Mr. LABOUCHERE may have reasons for his evident conviction that nothing can be too bad for a service which once included Mr. LABOUCHERE among its servants. Yet even Mr. LABOUCHERE can speak truth and wisdom now and then, and he put on record the profoundly true observation that "there are a lot of quacks in England." There are; and it is astonishing how loud and how much some of them quack. The only rational part of the discussion was that which concerned English affairs in Africa and Turkish proceedings in Armenia. On these heads Sir JAMES FERGUSSON said prudently little about Portugal; paid a compliment, which we hope is deserved, to the loyalty of Germany; and pointed out that constantly dishing unwelcome advice into Turkish ears is likely to do much more harm than good. Before Supply was entered upon Mr. MATTHEWS had given to Mr. PICKERSGILL, in reference to the Crewe murder, the unanswerable answer (in effect), that the jury had based their recommendation to mercy on the ground of youth, and that where that recommendation applied it had been made to apply, and where it did not it had not.

A somewhat larger number of members—not much less than half a full House—mustered on *Tuesday* to hear Mr. SMITH's proposals for the future conduct of business. These included the freeing of Supply and Ways and Means from the opposed business rule, and the establishment of Government morning sittings on Tuesday and Friday. The usual outcries about Ministerial tyranny and outrages on the rights of private members were made with the usual sincerity, and received the usual comment by the counting-out of the House, while it was still free to these earnest and wronged defenders of their country, at a little after eight o'clock. The chief business done, besides the acceptance of Mr. SMITH's proposals, had been the discussion of a motion of Lord COMPTON's to the effect that the position of telegraphists is "unsatisfactory." Whose position is satisfactory? At the close of the debate on this motion, which was negatived by 142 to 103 (Mr. SMITH's having been carried by 194 to 102 and 191 to 109), Dr. TANNER showed real humour by pointing out that the lengthening of the hours of telegraphists' duty was due to the "nefarious misgovernment of Ireland." Can it be that Dr. TANNER, like the hero of COOPER's *Spy*, is really a good patriot who masquerades as a Parnellite? We have been once or twice in the mind that he is.

Wednesday was almost entirely occupied by the consideration of Mr. WINTERBOTHAM's Rating of Machinery Bill, the second reading of which was, without support from the Government, and with great opposition from the landed interest, carried by a large majority (152), owing to the efforts of trading representatives. An appeal case heard by Mr. Justice GRANTHAM on the same day showed that manufacturers have some cause to complain; but it may, perhaps, be questioned whether the fault does not lie rather in the complexity of the rating system, which encourages local authorities to make "grabs" at this and that, than in any special hardship inflicted by the law.

The sole subject of interest on *Thursday* was, of course, the Budget, which will be found fully discussed in another

column. It will scarcely raise much enthusiasm in any one, though it is an ingenious Budget enough as a piece of financial mosaic. No human creature, except a few dealers, will be benefited by flinging away a million and a half of revenue on a partial reduction of the Tea-duty; the clap-net concessions to testotalism, both in the speech and the Budget itself, are as unworthy as they are unwise; and it is very doubtful whether any good will come of the abolition of the Plate-duty, while the Government may lose some seats in Sheffield. The reduction in the House-duty is a clear boon to the classes affected, and right in principle, for all taxation should be indirect; and the expenditure on barracks, the Volunteers, and the equalization of Colonial postage is very good. But these are "sma' sums," "sma' sums," as Bailie JARVIE says. On the whole, Mr. GOSCHEN is at least entitled to the credit of having overthrown more than his enemies, for he has certainly tripped up some of his friends.

A good deal of extra-Parliamentary talk went on on Friday week; three members of the Government—Mr. FORWOOD, Mr. JACKSON, and Sir EDWARD CLARKE—speaking, while Lord WOLMER delivered a good address to a Liberal-Unionist meeting at Darlington on his way to make a still better appearance at Edinburgh. At Exeter Mr. LABOUCHERE, who had been only rude in his earlier speeches, became silly. To speak of the Land Purchase Bill as "drawn to please Mr. GOSCHEN's City friends," and to fish up the old "dead cat" of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's supposed spoiling of the Egyptians, is poor earnest and poorer joking. Mr. LABOUCHERE should remember that terrible sentence of Lord STEYNE's—"You begin to fail, my poor WAGG; I shall have to get a new jester." We must also mention, not to the prejudice of longer notice elsewhere, a singularly straightforward, manly, and sensible speech of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE at the Mansion House in reference to the rumours about his retirement. Mr. BRYCE on Tuesday, at Manchester, expressed the greatest horror and surprise at the notion of the forged letters being either copies of or pastiches from real ones. If this suggestion is new to Mr. BRYCE, we can only say that his ingenuous abstinence from acquainting himself with the opinion of (among others) distinguished members of his own profession must be of the greatest possible use and comfort to his Parnellite allies. But how does a man at once so able and so honest as Mr. BRYCE manage to keep his eyes shut in this way? That is what puzzles us. Later, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, Sir W. HART DYKE, and others spoke; among the others, Professor TYNDALL, who must have relieved Gladstonian apprehensions by protesting that he does not intend on that visit to the Matterhorn to play BOMPAED to Mr. GLADSTONE's TARTARIN, or TARTARIN to Mr. GLADSTONE's BOMPAED.

The silly business called the opening of the Ireland. New Tipperary took place on Saturday, in the presence of that "distinguished statesman" Lady SANDHURST (the other member of the memorable pair was not present) and a few other persons of no mark. A small galvanized iron shed, glorified by the title of "The Mart," was "opened," and Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DAVITT informed the company (whose own blood is said, owing to unkind atmospheric conditions and the discomfort of The Mart, to have been nearer freezing) how their blood boiled at the intolerable iniquity of asking a man either not to hire a commodity, to pay the amount of the hire, or to give the commodity up. Three days later the evictions on the PONSONBY estate, which are closely connected with New Tipperary, and were brought about by Mr. O'BRIEN's interference between Mr. PONSONBY and his tenants, were carried out quietly enough. The climax of canting gush was perhaps

reached on Wednesday, when Mr. HALLEY STEWART, M.P., told some of the tenants who wish to cheat their landlords that the little HALLEY STEWARTS weep when their papa reads to them the woes of Ireland. A brutal former generation might have muttered "Give them something to weep for," but it is possible that the poor creatures cry for boredom only.

The late Governor of Bombay, Lord REAY, has given up his government to Lord HARRIS, and has departed, taking with him opinions not exactly golden. Sir ALFRED LYALL has called India "the Land of Regrets"; it might perhaps better be called "the Land of Bewitched Reputations." One man, like Lord MAYO, goes out with the repute of a respectable second-rate administrator merely, and becomes the best Viceroy that India has had for years. Another, like Lord REAY, goes out to "inaugurate" the famous era when, if not kings, yet governors, shall be philosophers, and philosophers governors—and doesn't. We ought, by the way, to have congratulated India before on retaining the services of Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS for another year. There is no mistake about the present Indian Commander-in-Chief; and, except at the Horse Guards, he could not be better employed than he is.

The dearth of serious foreign news may be judged from the fuss made over the expulsion from Italy of some French journalists. That they in all probability richly deserved it, and that it was rather silly of the Italians to give them their deserts, is about sufficient comment for the matter.—Much of the attention which has been spent upon foreign affairs has been devoted to two rather sorry matters of the same class—the differences between the German EMPEROR and Prince BISMARCK, and the differences between Mr. STANLEY and EMIN Pasha. With regard to the first, the explanations of General VON CAPRIVI seem to amount to the rather curious confession that Prince BISMARCK towered too much above his colleagues and his master, so that master and colleagues, wanting somebody smaller, pitched upon him, Herr VON CAPRIVI DI CAPRERA DI MONTECUCULI—an explanation which has at least the merits of frankness and modesty after a fashion. On a later day the new CHANCELLOR explained his intentions with regard to nobbling the press; the nobbling is, it seems, to be done gently. With regard to the second quarrel, the recriminations are endless, and a little disgusting; while the anticipations of German action are partly undignified and wholly premature. All England has got to do is to wish Germans well in the districts within the line arranged with Germany, and to put her foot down promptly on the German foot that oversteps that line. On the other hand, there appears to be serious fear lest the Portuguese, once more presuming on their weakness, may have ordered or connived at fresh filibustering in the Shiré district. If this be so, and if, in the common phrase, they "will have it," why they must have "it"—but not the Shiré. Perhaps they may take warning from the utter failure of a loan attempted to be placed for them in Paris this week. French investors, the thriftiest in the world, are also the rashest, especially where anti-English or anti-German prejudice is skilfully worked; but this was too much even for them. It is fair to add that the home Portuguese authorities have disclaimed hostile intent; but it is feared that the colonial officers are less well disposed.

It will hardly have surprised any reader of the articles in this *Review* on the vacuum-brake—Verdict. articles which we resume this week, and which contain the completest exposition of the matter anywhere to be found in a small space—that the coroner's jury at Carlisle on Tuesday, in bringing in their verdict as to the deaths in the recent collision, censured the Railway Company for using so untrustworthy an instrument. It now remains for the Board of Trade, with the help of Parliament, to take action in a matter which it is not exaggeration to say concerns the lives of millions, and in which those millions are utterly unable to protect themselves. That is, as closely as it may be defined, the exact occasion for State interference.

The long-expected Report of the Welsh Sunday Closing Commission has appeared. It is a yea-nay kind of document; but the Commissioners seem to say, on the whole, "Sunday closing" is a failure; so let us have more Sunday closing.—A correspondence which is not too intelligible and is decidedly

acid has been engaged between Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and Mr. BLUNDELL MAPLE (with each of them several others) on the subject of the Shops Half-holiday Bill. Holidays are excellent things for those who can manage to get and afford to take them; but Sir JOHN may, perhaps, forget a little in his pride of philanthropic place that what is sport to the philanthropist may be death to the shopkeeper.—On Thursday two matters affecting newspapers in the law courts of some public interest were decided, the notorious Mr. DAVIS of the *Bat* appearing to be "cast" for a libel on Lord DURHAM, and a halfpenny journal which is much cried and placarded about the streets of London being mulcted for a political libel in connexion with the Enfield election. Both these things were well.

By far the most remarkable person whose death has been reported this week was the Chinese diplomatist and statesman commonly, though rather absurdly, called the "Marquis" TSENG. Both as an envoy in Europe and as an official at home TSENG, who was of very distinguished descent, displayed the undoubted ability of the Chinese character, with a minimum of that odd combination of obstinacy with want of force, of puerile pettiness with senile cunning, which is generally attributed to, and sometimes exhibited by, Celestials. Opinion is still divided on the point whether China will yet show herself a formidable opponent or an important auxiliary to Western Powers in a downright struggle. TSENG thought she would; and we own that, though, in the Aristotelian phrase, "beloved men" think differently, we rather incline to agree with him.—Among Englishmen Sir JOHN LEFROY, an artillery officer of standing, who had done good work both in the scientific branch of his profession and as a Colonial Governor, may be mentioned.—Of Mr. MATTHEW HARRIS, M.P., whose death was reported on Tuesday, it will be at once graceful and sufficient to say that he was a representative of Parnellism—and its concomitants—in the fullest sense of the phrase.—A very different name was added to the obituary in that of Mr. MACKAY, one of the most devoted and enterprising of missionaries. Whatever truth the "pony carriage" jibe may have, it could hardly even have been aimed at—could certainly never have hit—Mr. MACKAY, who for years maintained himself with dauntless courage and with versatile ability and beneficence in Uganda, the most advanced and dangerous post existing in the service to which he belonged.

The books of the week are more French than Books, &c. English, for nothing has appeared on our side of the Channel that can be classed with a new-old book (written forty years ago, but only published now) by M. RENAN, *L'Avenir de la Science*; a fresh volume of M. BRUNETIÈRE's slightly austere but most scholarly criticism; a drama, *Futura*, in the brave old Hugonic manner, by M. VACQUERIE (all three published by M. CALMANN LÉVY); and, lastly, a volume, the letterpress of which is good and the embellishments beyond praise, by M. PIERRE DE NOLHAC, on MARIE ANTOINETTE (BOUSSON, VALADON, & Co.)

THEIR TIME, AND WHAT MR. SMITH HAS DONE WITH IT.

THE agonized cries which Mr. LABOUCHERE raised on Tuesday evening, "My time! my time! my time!" when Mr. W. H. SMITH annexed Tuesday and Friday mornings for Government business, recall the lamentations of Don JUAN's servant over his lost wages when his master disappears beneath the surface of the earth. The FIRST LORD of the TREASURY does not bear any very close resemblance to the hero of the *Festin de Pierre*. Mr. LABOUCHERE has, perhaps, more likeness to SGANARELLE. Indeed, the senior member for Northampton often suggests the roguish valet of French farcical comedy. But SGANARELLE's despairing lament, "Mes gages! mes gages! mes gages!" was sincere. His wages were really his wages; and, when his master descended to a region whence he could not remit them, he was defrauded. What Mr. LABOUCHERE calls his time is no more his time than any particular area in which he may desire to obtrude himself is his space. The time of Parliament is the time of Parliament, and not of any private member or members. The fact is, that members have come to regard themselves almost as public performers, who have a right to have their names kept, to

use theatrical language, in the bill. Some years ago entertainments used to be common which were called a "Night with DICKENS," or, in the Scotch language, a "Nicht wi' BURNS," or with any other proper name that seemed likely to draw. Now the House of Commons is offered from time to time a night with Sir WILFRID LAWSON, or a night with Mr. LABOUCHERE, the result usually being a count-out—the Parliamentary and unmercenary equivalent of the money being returned at the doors.

By a curious and instructive coincidence the denunciation by Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK, and Mr. LABOUCHERE of the Government encroachments upon the privileges of private members was followed by a count-out of the House at a few minutes after a quarter-past eight. That is the main use of Tuesdays and Fridays before the recess. They give the House of Commons unauthorized holidays. Mr. SMITH's motion for taking morning sittings on these days reserves to private members all the evening after nine o'clock. No doubt members find it inconvenient to turn out so soon after dinner. So of old the satirist complained that wretches hang that jurymen may dine; though it may be hoped that, as a verdict of Not Guilty would answer the purpose of bringing a man home in time as well as a verdict of Guilty, that the dinner-bell was not always a passing bell, but saved as many lives as it lost. Without believing in the heroic virtue of members of Parliament, we yet hold that, if public duty really called them to the House of Commons, they would manage to be present in sufficient numbers at nine o'clock. But it is unreasonable to expect that members after sitting, some of them, from two to seven, should come back at nine o'clock for no public purpose whatsoever, and only to gratify the vanity of a member who, having got a day, is unwilling, like the delight of the human race—Jews excepted—to lose it.

The fact that, when business is intended to be done, the Government finds it necessary to have recourse to morning sittings, suggests that, in a narrower and more secular sense than the words originally bore, it is expedient to work while yet it is day, and that as the night comes on the incapacity or the indisposition to work increases. As regards the Parliamentary hours, the House of Commons seems to have been travelling the round of the clock. In the times of the STUARTS and the Commonwealth, Parliament met at an hour at which members are now scarcely out of bed—at half-past eight. When the House of Commons consisted almost exclusively of country gentlemen, accustomed to early hours, the House was very matutinal. As after the Revolution the funded system and the growth of the new wealth of commerce brought bankers and merchants, and afterwards the Nabobs or Bengal squad, into the House of Commons, whose days were spent in the City, and who had only later hours for Parliament, the hours of its meeting were put forward. Social usages conspired with this change in the balance of pecuniary and political power. SWIFT deplored the fact that the dinner-hour, which used, within his knowledge, to be at one o'clock, had stolen on to three, and quite conceivably might not permanently stop even there. HORACE WALPOLE protested against the dissipated practice of beginning to make a night of it at six. Before the time of the Reform Bill, when the House of Commons had comparatively slender legislative functions to perform, and when it was rather an instrument of discussion than of business, the hours at which it met and rose were of comparatively slight importance. Now, when, for good or evil, its legislative activity is incessant, and when it assumes itself to govern, and not simply to check and watch the Government, business hours and business methods become more urgent. The general consent by which the conclusion of contentious business at midnight, and of all business an hour later, has been accepted, while the hour of meeting has been fixed at three instead of four, is an admission that Parliamentary time must be enlarged by going backwards instead of forwards on the dial. The continuity of efficient debating is really increased by this arrangement. The dinner-hour, which in Parliamentary usage meant not only the dinner-hour, but an hour before and an hour after it, extending from seven till ten, was practically wasted for purposes of serious discussion. The members who occupied that interval were of the class which no one had ears to hear, and who, like the heroes before AGAMEMNON, lacked the sacred reporter. Now the early time of meeting gives an additional hour to speakers of the

superior, or pre-dinner hour, rank. Meeting at two and rising at seven, the House would get rid of dinner-hour speakers altogether. It is urged that the Government usurpation of private members' time is a bad precedent for the future, and sets an example of further encroachments. The future may, and will, take care of itself. If great questions should again arise, and should again be represented by an opposition of character and capacity, public opinion will ensure that it shall be sufficiently heard. We shall not always live in the dregs of Mr. GLADSTONE, who has, naturally enough, abandoned continuous Parliamentary attendance, leaving business to the cross-purposes of rivals for his inheritance, who are thinking more of competitors on the same bench than of rivals opposite. Even now, if there were any serious conviction or purpose in the Opposition, forty members could be got together at nine o'clock. For the exigencies of the moment, the proposal of Mr. SMITH seems expedient, and it is addressed only to the exigencies of the moment.

THE IDEAS OF GENERAL VON CAPRIVI.

AMONG the inevitable drawbacks of the great position to which General VON CAPRIVI has been elevated, there is at least one of which that "striker of the stars with his sublime head," as CARLYLE would have called him, must be sensible already. He cannot, of course, complain of it; but still he may not, in the novelty of his new office, feel it pleasant to be acutely conscious of the fact that, when he makes his first great Ministerial deliverance, the first thoughts of an attentive assembly and a curious world is as to how much of it is General VON CAPRIVI and how much His Majesty WILLIAM II. Now, this inquiry has never been suggested in the case of that illustrious predecessor to whom the new CHANCELLOR referred in such eminently proper language of conventional compliment in the earlier part of his address to the Prussian Diet, only to make it, before the conclusion of the address, so clear to everybody what that language was worth. What Prince BISMARCK said on these occasions was always, primarily at any rate, what Prince BISMARCK thought—assented to, no doubt, though, perhaps, not always *ex animo*, by his Imperial master. In some instances it may have conveyed a Chancellor's opinions qualified, or even modified, by those of an Emperor; but what, we may safely say, it never represented was just that which, for all that anybody knows, the address of General VON CAPRIVI may represent, and represent alone—to wit, the personal, the individual, the possibly unshared views of an Emperor, transmitted to the nation and the world through the speaking-tube of a Chancellor. Prince BISMARCK's successor ought, it is true, to have been prepared to find his official prolocutions listened to and read in this wise, and he ought to have been more than ever prepared for it in the case of his maiden address to the Diet. For this was obviously a discourse wherein it would be impossible to omit reference to recent incidents with which the EMPEROR has been very intimately concerned, and with regard to which he may naturally be desirous—if we may use our own Parliamentary formula, with a much heavier charge of meaning than it bears with us—to give His Majesty's own account of matters in "His Majesty's own words."

One sentence in the speech it would be, perhaps, only courteous to regard as spontaneous and unmixed VON CAPRIVI—that, we mean, in which the CHANCELLOR "considers it a most favourable dispensation of Providence that "at the moment when Prince BISMARCK retired from public life "it has brought into the forefront the person of our august "young Monarch, so well fitted to fill the gap and to stand "in the breach." Some daring speculators have professed to find something more than a Providential coincidence between the retirement of the late Chancellor and the readiness of the EMPEROR to fill the gap created by his departure. In any case, however, we may remark that dispensations of the kind referred to are common enough in all countries; but that whether they are favourable or not is a point upon which judgment may be best reserved until after there has been an opportunity of comparing the work of the retiring statesman with that of his successor. Still, the assumption that the "august young Monarch" will be, if not an improvement upon, at any rate a worthy rival of Prince BISMARCK as a ruler, is only decently loyal, and certainly not more than becoming on the part of a Minister whose eminent merits the august young Monarch has been the

first to discover and reward; so that doubtless no Imperial suggestion of this passage would be required. But in the highly important and significant declaration which follows a few sentences later we need have no doubt that the Prussian Diet heard, and that we are reading, the carefully-prepared statement which the Emperor WILLIAM wishes to go forth to the world with respect to the Great Chancellor's retirement, the causes which brought it about, and the events which may be expected to succeed it. "You will have read," said General VON CAPRIVI, "His Majesty's statement that the course to be followed will remain the same, and the circumstance that my colleagues remain in office will prove to you that the Government does not intend to inaugurate a new era. It was, however, inevitable that, in the presence of such a power as Prince BISMARCK, others could hardly find room for action—that in view of his definite and assured way of regarding and doing things many another object had to be abandoned, many an idea, many a wish, however well justified, could not be fulfilled."

To say that this must strike every reader as the absolutely frank and unreserved revelation of the Imperial mind would be to describe it imperfectly; one almost seems to hear in it the very voice of WILLIAM himself, speaking to us with that accent of fresh and youthful naïveté with which his "objects"—the immediate offspring of his "ideas," themselves but another name for his "wishes"—are wontedly announced to the world. If these sentences are—we will not say of General VON CAPRIVI's own origination—but, if they even represent the General's own "way of putting it," we can only say that he has carried flattery to the highest point of sincerity; for a more admirable imitation of his Imperial master's manner could hardly have been achieved. The strain in which the CHANCELLOR's address continues is not quite so startlingly characteristic of the young EMPEROR as was the candid complaint that he has had to abandon objects, and to leave "justifiable" ideas and wishes unfulfilled, in consequence of the irksome presence of a counsellor who would persist in pointing out that they were impracticable. But what follows is scarcely less Imperial in its singular rejection of all the customary—some people might have said all the decent—restraints of disclosure which a ruler in the Emperor WILLIAM's position might have been expected to observe in the case of a discarded servant of the State with a history like that of Prince BISMARCK. "The first consequence of the change of personality in the Government," says, or echoes, General VON CAPRIVI, "will be that individuals 'will come more to the front than hitherto'; and he adds, though this is rather a prophecy than a recital, that "the old system of co-operation among the Prussian Ministers will be more effective than was possible under 'that powerful'—we almost expect to read "that too 'powerful President.' Nor is it only to the more effective co-operation of the Prussian Ministers that the new CHANCELLOR looks to promote the welfare of the State. In the happy era to which he is playing gentleman usher everybody will be invited to co-operate with everybody else. The Government, we may take it on the CHANCELLOR's unofficial word, will be willing to "receive ideas and "doctrines that have been kept back," to "examine them "again, and to carry them out whenever it is convinced of "their feasibility." In short, proceeded the General, rising to the enthusiasm of commonplace, "we shall take "the good, no matter whence and from whom it comes, "and we shall comply with it, if, according to our convictions, to do so is consonant with the common weal."

The gist of all these ardent platitudes, so far as we are able to gather it from them, will not be regarded, we imagine, as encouraging. On the contrary, they appear to confirm to its minutest particular the most disquieting of all the possible explanations of Prince BISMARCK's retirement, and the least favourable of the forecasts of what may be expected to follow from it. In the first place, they dispose once for all of the pretence—never, it is true, much credited anywhere—that EMPEROR and CHANCELLOR parted on anything like really friendly terms. The outward show of considerate treatment on the one part and dutiful bearing on the other may have been just sufficiently well maintained to avoid open scandal; but that is all. If there had been anything more than this on the EMPEROR's side it is certain that some one or other of the many conventional excuses for parting with a Minister nearer eighty than seventy would have been put in the mouth of his successor, in place of the blunt avowal, almost in so many words, that Prince BISMARCK was a despotic and impracticable old man,

hopelessly impervious to new ideas, who would neither work himself nor permit his subordinate Ministers to work with his august master. The plainness, we say, with which this account of the late Chancellor's resignation—not to call it his virtual dismissal—is set forth in General VON CAPRIVI's address is in itself an indication of a spirit in the Imperial counsels which Europe is justified in regarding with anxiety. If that address did no more than show that WILLIAM II. is anxious to proclaim—or, at any rate, does not care to conceal—the fact that he has parted with the oldest and most sagacious of his own, his father's, and his grandfather's counsellors because of irreconcilable differences of policy, it would be a sufficiently disagreeable document. But, of course, it has shown much more than this. It has shown that the question about Ministers reporting to the Chancellor instead of to the EMPEROR was no mere dispute on a point of courtly or official etiquette, but one of a much more vital kind. The EMPEROR would, we doubt not, have kept his Chancellor if he could have obtained the means of nullifying his general policy by action through the departments. Now that the Chancellor has gone, his master hastens to prepare the world for a more "independent" action and initiative on the part of these departmental "chiefs—with of course his own hand on the wires." And, seeing that the avowed principles on which he intends to manipulate them appear to be as frankly experimental as those of a certain other famous young German Emperor of another House, it is not an unnatural apprehension on the part of Europe that, in his apparent emulation of JOSEPH II., he may be destined to follow the career of his model to its disastrous close.

WHAT SPOILS SPORT.

YEAR by year, and holiday by holiday, the contemplative man is made to feel, more and more, that his recreation is gone. He was a haunter of solitary tarns, alone with the heron, and of brooks where the water-ousel scarce thought it worth while to wing its brief flight away from him. He was a pillar of little ivy-clad and rose-hung inns, where now stands the abomination of desolation, hotels with German waiters, plate-glass windows, "lifts," and brass bands. The angler was a lonely bird, forswearing the company of men. But now there are literally a hundred rods where thirty years ago there was one, or none; now the echoes of every loch resound to the dismal whistle of the steam-launch; now there is a pair of boats in every bay, and a party lurching on every island. The warwhoop of 'ARRY is heard over the capture of a fingerling; every tiny trout is killed, to swell the "basket," and to be published in the sporting news of the papers. "Mr. THOMPSON" and Master THOMPSON, of Dundee, had a fine basket "of forty-one trout, weighing seven pounds, on Loch "Blawearry. They are residing at the Blawearry Hotel." This is the kind of announcement you read in the *Scotsman* and in the papers devoted to fishing. Then the heart of Dundee is filled with ambition, and her sons go in crowds, with their fishing-rods, accent, and all, to the Blawearry Hotel, and flog Loch Blawearry all day, with four flies apiece, or troll across it with shoals of phantoms and angels. He who knew Blawearry when its tavern was small and old, when but three or four anglers had found their way to it, sees that the glory has departed. It is not so much that the fish are small, knowing, and generally demoralized, it is not that experiments have been made in mixing the breed with Loch Leven and with Canadian or Persian trout. The real sorrow is that all the poetry has gone out of fishing, that every capture is blatantly advertised, that deep calls unto deep, and bay unto bay, in the accents of Glasgow and Dundee. There are boat races to reach the most likely water; there are envyings and jealousies; there are the females of the angling species, by no means resembling the Lady of the Lake. Mr. THOMAS TODD STODDART, the fishing poet, is said to have begun a drama, of which the opening stage direction was,

A SOLITARY PLACE.
Enter Six Hermits.

The true fisher would fain be solitary; but, ever and everywhere, to him enter sixty other hermits. If he would be alone, he must go to Loch Skene. Two miles of hill and bog separate that black tarn in a hole like an extinct volcanic crater from a remote road. There is not usually much company beside Loch Skene, and no hotel

profanes its coast. Loch Awe, on the other hand, has become a suburb of Glasgow, a purlieu of Partick, surrounded by eligible villa residences on every hill and under every green tree. There is nothing of that sort about Loch Skene, and there is always a very fair chance of being lost in the mist and tumbling over the fall, where

Hab Dab and Davie Dinn
Dang the Deil ower Dabson's Linn.

Then why, the recluse may ask, why advertise this loneliness, and send six hundred hermits to that solitary place? Because they will be lucky indeed if they ever see a trout there, and they have found out the barrenness of the loch and stay away from it. Were it otherwise, we should not be singing the praises of Loch Skene, for it is this kind of gratitude that has ruined the romance of angling.

The writing people, the literary anglers, have themselves to thank. They have brought destruction on their own heads. CHRISTOPHER NORTH and THOMAS STODDART and Mr. COLQUHOUN began it. The author of the *Moor and the Loch* discovered Loch Awe, and, like YAMA, who discovered the Land of Death in the Rig-Veda, opened a path unto many. Mr. STODDART hymned the Tweed till all who heard him followed his lyre, and overfished that naturally splendid river. CHRISTOPHER NORTH sent the world to Clovenford, and now there is a railway station there, and the game is up. The newspapers and the minor authors have done the rest. There is a demon which urges the scribbling fisher, when he has found a good thing, to proclaim its merits and send thither TOM, DICK, and HARRY. There are a few streams so obvious, as it were, that there would have been no pride in discovering them, and therefore they remain comparatively undiscovered. There are one or two lochs so inaccessible and so difficult to fish, thanks to the absence of boats, that they can be praised without danger. But a fiend in human form has been describing the most out-of-the-way tarns in Sutherland, and the *Sportsman's Guide* has revealed almost all that ought to have been hidden from the Cockney and the tourist. Nobody—that is, nobody worth considering—profits by these revelations, except the landlords of inns and the boatmen.

The worst of all spoil-sports are the Angling Competitions. Wherever you go you find the "Greenock Guddlers" or the "Gourock Angling Association." They have taken all the boats, and they are fishing for dear life, in a crowd, for silver flasks, for glory, and paragraphs in the papers. Loch Leven, of course, is simply given over to work competitions with greediness and trolling-rods. There are to be more than one hundred competitions this year. Even Loch Awe and Loch Vennachar have become the field of competition. With delight we read that in one of these unholy performances the first prize was gained with a basket of five trout. So perish all who do such deeds and fish in a noisy crowd!

There is more pleasure than profit in grumbling. The man who will fish in a competition may be an excellent performer, but he knows as much of the true genius of fishing as Dr. JOHNSON did. And we are all sinners. Our father IZAAK began it, by publishing a book, when he should have held his worthy old tongue. It is no longer possible, at one and the same time, to be quiet and to go a-fishing.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

IT is the rule that all things which are revolutionary and tend to mischief are apt to come to a head in Paris. Naturally, therefore, observers—French and other—are inclined to be a little nervous about what will happen in La Ville Lumière on the approaching 1st of May. The much-announced and be-trumpeted international demonstration of Socialist workmen will, in all probability, not ruin the social order of Europe, but it may lead to disorder here and there. The two spots in which it is most likely to have that effect are Vienna and Paris. In the first, the whole working class is thoroughly disturbed, and it is reported that the police are somewhat cowed. In the second, there is always a force disposable for revolutionary purposes when the Government is weak. There is, therefore, a possibility of trouble in one or other of those cities; and the prospect causes very natural anxiety. Attention is mainly directed to Paris. A riot in Vienna would be only locally important; but any Socialist disturbance in Paris would have an effect throughout Europe. It

does not follow that the effect would be lasting or important; still, a riot is a danger to be avoided. The word "international" has an ugly sound in the ears of Continental rulers, and there are abundant signs that the Socialist wirepullers throughout Europe are endeavouring to promote a widespread manifestation, which might prove dangerous. Their object is not avowedly revolutionary. All they profess a wish to do is to compel employers to grant an eight hours' day. This they profess to believe they can do by means of a universal imposing manifestation of the working class. If it could be believed that the revolutionary leaders would be content merely to ask quietly for the moon, they might be safely let alone. Those who have had experience of their methods may reasonably doubt whether they will be so modest. It is, further, not clear whether the managers of the manifestation would be content merely to see the men take a day off and lose their pay. If they insist on a paid holiday, there will obviously be many occasions of trouble. In some districts, too, the masters seem resolved not to allow the men to go, and even threaten a lock-out if their hands refuse to work. Here, again, is a possibility of disturbance.

Happily there are a good many signs that the Socialist wire-pullers will be only very partially successful with their manifestation. It is tolerably certain that there will be no universal turn-out. The Spaniards, for instance, have decided to exercise their right of behaving with common sense when everybody else proposes to be foolish—without prejudice, of course, to that other and much-cherished Spanish right to behave like madmen when all the rest of the world is quiet. The Socialist Committee at Madrid has announced that they will demonstrate cheerfully in support of a universal eight hours' working day. Only, as they have no intention of recommending a general strike, and still less of losing a day's pay, they will postpone the manifestation till the 4th May, which is Sunday, and will then march with banners, when they can do so without loss of a day's pay, and without committing themselves to anything serious. It is a most sagacious decision, with a certain dry humour about it; but we doubt whether it will be heard with enthusiasm by the Socialist Committee at Brussels. But Spain lies over against Africa and is apt to act for itself. It matters little what it does, since after all the Pyrenees do exist in spite of the King of France. The course which the German Socialists are about to take is of more general importance. Here, luckily, there are many signs that the unanimous manifestation will be shared in only by a minority of uncertain size. The Government has very wisely decided to leave masters and men to settle the question of a holiday on the 1st of May between them—with a distinct warning to the men that there must be no breach of the peace. The answer of the workmen, as far as it has been given, does not promise unanimity by any means. Some decline to move at all, others have decided to show their loyalty to the eight-hour formula by working eight hours on the 1st of May and taking a rest during the remainder of the day; others, again, are prepared to turn out. These differences of opinion are reported to grow more marked daily; and in some quarters there is a distinct disposition to hold aloof from anything which looks like a Socialist movement. Obviously unanimity is not to be expected. Under the circumstances the German Socialist leaders are doubtless wise in deciding, as they have decided, not to lay themselves open to the risk of the loss of credit which would follow on an unsuccessful attempt to induce the workmen to take a day off as a demonstration. This decision has been conveyed to the French managers by Herr LIEBKNECHT in a letter which has almost as much humour in it as the message from the Madrid Committee. He has informed the French that they must not expect help from the Germans. If, however, they, the French, do elect to demonstrate for the good of the world, it will be kind of them. In the meantime, the German workmen propose to pursue their end by quieter means, which is a wise resolution of theirs, and may indicate a growing confidence that the EMPEROR and the Reichstag will give them all the solid advantage they are likely to get. It is at least probable that this belief is held by many of those who voted for the Socialists at the general election. As long as it is held, those who believe in it will not be dangerous to public order. In Belgium there will almost certainly be a considerable demonstration. It is calculated that about a quarter of a million of workmen will go out on a short strike. But it is also believed that the demonstration will be peaceful. It is, perhaps, too

much to take that for granted after the experience of the last Belgian strike; but, as long as no threats are used, there is at least nothing to indicate an intention to make a riot. In Austria, private employers will regulate their own conduct by the example of the Government, which is the greatest of all employers of labour. The Government, after the usual Austrian model, is endeavouring to regulate everything by a mixture of paternal good-nature and police fuss. Considering the number of strikes already in progress in different parts of the Empire, and the clamour of the strikers, the 1st of May will probably be a trying time for the police.

It is in Paris—as always—that the greatest danger will be run; which, however, is not equivalent to saying that the danger is necessarily considerable. So much depends on the humour of the Government of the day; and, as it includes M. CONSTANS, it will probably stand no nonsense. M. CONSTANS has his faults; but an indisposition to hit very hard at whomever tries to upset the Government which enjoys the advantage of commanding his services is not one of them. He has promised any possible rioters a dressing; and is, beyond question, the man to be as good as his word. General SAUSSIER and the garrison of Paris are quite able to deal with any mob. Still, it will be a disagreeable thing if mobs have to be crushed; and even M. CONSTANS would, doubtless, rather be spared the necessity of crushing one if possible. Whatever happens on the first of next month, the end of this will be an important time in Paris. The election of the new Municipal Council occurs on the 27th, and it will be the occasion for a parade of all the forces hostile to the Third Republic. The outgoing Council has made itself thoroughly unpopular by a course of corruption and extravagance which has caricatured even the wasteful methods of the National Government. It has also made itself conspicuous by encouraging every species of revolutionary and socialist folly, by incessant efforts to secure the “autonomy” of Paris, and by rancorous anti-Clerical fanaticism. A worse Council could not possibly be elected, and the Government can so far look forward to the result with equanimity. The new Council cannot be more unmanageable than the old. But the Parliamentary Republicans cannot be indifferent to the elections. Two classes of its enemies are likely to be very active in them—the Conservatives and the Boulangists. The first will fight mainly on the question of the laicization of the schools and hospitals. The second will endeavour to obtain a majority in order to use the Municipal Council for the purpose of attacking the Government. It is the last hope of the Boulangists. If they are well beaten, the party will be finally crushed. If they win, the victory may be the beginning of a revival. The success of either will show that Paris is still as usual against the men in power, which is always a danger for a French Government, and has been the immediate cause of the fall of all of them from the old Monarchy downwards. A victory of the Boulangists would, moreover, be a direct incentive to Socialist disorder. The list of candidates, fixed at Jersey after much discussion, contains a very large proportion of sheer revolutionists. If they are elected, the Socialists will have some reason for asserting that Paris is with them. M. CONSTANS is the man to take care that they are not elected if only he could be allowed a free hand; but French Governments have always shrunk from applying in Paris those forms of pressure which are used without scruple in the provinces. The election will probably not be interfered with, and the Government will decide to face whatever it produces without endeavouring to control it. There will be no occasion for surprise if one of the things it produces is the necessity of supporting or restoring order in Paris during the early days of May.

THE RUSKIN MUSEUM.

THE absence and the illness of the generous donor himself were the only drawback to the satisfaction which every one present must have felt at the proceedings in Meersbrook Park on Tuesday. Mr. RUSKIN has given, or lent, a museum to the people of Sheffield for twenty years. Notwithstanding all that has been said about the sanity of true genius, genius is sometimes associated with eccentricities, and Mr. RUSKIN's warmest admirers would not deny that it has been so in his case. The arbitrary period of the loan, and the delay in deciding what was to be done with these artistic treasures, are characteristic of that practical hesitation which has always been mixed with theoretical dog-

matism in Mr. RUSKIN's curious and interesting mind. It is to be hoped that the inhabitants of Sheffield will realize at last the benefits conferred upon them, and that Meersbrook Park will be frequented by the workers of that smoky town. Sheffield, although its streets are apt to be overhung by a dense pall, and its atmosphere to be filled with choking dust, stands in the midst of noble scenery, which it only partially and for a short distance disfigures. Mr. RUSKIN would be a very different person from the author of *Modern Painters* if he had ever asked himself how the world would get on, or how its beauties could be generally enjoyed, without those base mechanical employments which he denounces as though he had never availed himself of them. Yet even upon Sheffield he has taken compassion, and tempered the horrors of cutlery with the resources of art. The Mayor and Corporation of Sheffield attended the ceremony of opening this new glory of Hallamshire. Mayors and aldermen are highly cultivated nowadays, and Lord Mayors, when they have sufficient time for preparation, can even quote Greek. But the speaking on Tuesday was left, perhaps wisely, to Lord CARLISLE and Mr. ARTHUR SEVERN. Lord CARLISLE's remarks were eminently sensible, and it was natural enough that on such an occasion he should be slightly extravagant in eulogy. Mr. RUSKIN, whatever may be thought of his accuracy or his wisdom, is a master of the English language, which he has finely illustrated by the rhythm and cadence of his prose. When Lord CARLISLE says that Mr. RUSKIN's paradoxes have turned out to be truisms, he is both more and less than just to the great critic. Many of these paradoxes remain as paradoxical as ever, and it may be doubted whether Mr. RUSKIN has deprived RAPHAEL or TITIAN of a single honest worshipper. On the other hand, many opinions advanced with paradoxical audacity by the “Oxford Graduate” half a century ago have proved to be not truisms, but valuable and unsuspected truths. Lord COLERIDGE, in an Essay on Sir WILLIAM BOXALL, disputed Mr. RUSKIN's claim to have discovered TURNER, and cited examples of the high prices which TURNER's pictures were fetching before Mr. RUSKIN wrote. That may be very true. But the fact remains that Mr. RUSKIN led thousands of people to appreciate TURNER who had never appreciated him before, and that his eulogies of that mighty artist are not in the least overstrained. Here is neither paradox nor truism, but criticism of the first order.

The best thing Lord CARLISLE said was that what will survive of Mr. RUSKIN's work is the praise and not the blame. That, of course, is not peculiar to Mr. RUSKIN. Finding fault is the lowest, as it is the easiest, exercise of the critical faculty. The highest is sympathetic insight into the essential excellence of the best work. Mr. RUSKIN on CLAUDE is very amusing. Mr. RUSKIN on TINTORET or CARPACCIO or BOTTICELLI is a liberal education. But the general truth to which we have referred applies to Mr. RUSKIN in a peculiar degree. When he praises, he is almost always dignified, eloquent, and self-restrained. When he once takes a dislike to a painter or a sculptor, to a statue or a picture, he too often loses his balance, and picks up the first abusive epithets he can find. When CLOUGH expresses a pious wish from Rome that “the Goths would come back again and destroy these churches,” one forgives the exaggeration for the truth which underlies it. When Mr. RUSKIN explains why MICHAEL ANGELO could not draw, or why ANDREA DEL SARTO could not paint, one thinks only of HANNAH MORE and Dr. JOHNSON asking one another why MILTON's sonnets were so bad. It may seem absurd to say that Mr. RUSKIN has made people hate ugliness. But he has, at all events, taught the lesson that nothing need be ugly, and that beauty is quite compatible with utility. The Greeks knew this, as their remains show. The simplest utensil which comes from an acknowledged source of Greek antiquity is lovely and symmetrical, shapely, and well proportioned. There is a church in Venice more ugly than most gasometers, and a plain building, like many of the new schools in London, may be made not only neat, but pretty, at a very moderate expense. The influence of beauty upon those who live in it has sometimes been denied, and is difficult to prove. Londoners stare at the most hideous and revolting advertisements because they are new. No Venetian ever seems to look at St. Mark's. No Florentine stops to gaze at the Duomo or the Campanile. The degradation of modern Italian art may be cited as showing how little the sight of the best models can do. The world is full of puzzling contradictions, which it is a fascinating task to unravel. But Mr. RUSKIN's favourite doctrine, that

taste depends on morals, and that therefore a man who behaves ill cannot admire what is good, did not originate with him. It is possible, no doubt, to hate evil without hating ugliness, and to hate ugliness without hating evil. But though the contemplation of Mr. BARNUM's physiognomy may not lead directly to picking pockets, it is better not to look at portraits of Mr. BARNUM.

PARAGRAPHS AND THE DUKE.

STORIES have been set going about the Commander-in-Chief, and he, in his straightforward honest way, has knocked them on the head. Speaking recently at Portsmouth, to an audience composed largely of army officers, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE made a very innocent remark. He said that he was no longer young—thereby recording a fact which is no secret to the large number of persons who know that he was not in his first youth when he fought in the Crimea, well nigh forty years ago. From this the DUKE drew the very innocent deduction that he could not hope to discharge the duties of his post for many years longer. Now it happened that about this time (the thing is already ancient history) one of our innumerable Commissions had just reported on naval and military administration. It had recommended, as the nature of Commissions is to do, that we should abolish an old office, and create a new one to do the same work. That is what our Commissions generally recommend. Well, then, it happened that various gentlemen who had a voice in the chapter on this paper or the other immediately combined their information in the traditional journalistic way. They set going a variety of stories, all to the effect that the Commander-in-Chief was going to resign, that his office was about to be abolished, and that a Chief of the Staff was to be appointed. It is wonderful to see how these stories do arise. Who puts them in the papers, and why do they appear? Nobody knows, of course. It is impossible to suppose that they are set going in the interest of any particular person—or rather, to be honest, it is very possible, and even quite natural, to suppose that this is their origin. But, as this would be exceedingly bad form on the part of the particular persons, we will put the guess down to the wicked, suspicious disposition of the world, regretting the while that some people so conduct themselves as to be for ever the object of just those suspicions.

Whatever their origin may have been, there the stories were, and the DUKE has disposed of them in a very simple way. He has said that they were all nonsense. The Commander-in-Chief is not so foolish as to attempt to hide the patent fact that he is not so young as he was at the battle of the Alma, but he does not feel that he is no longer capable of discharging the duties of his post. If that was his opinion, he would represent it in the proper quarter. As it is, he intends to remain where he is, and will not take hints that he had better retire, and let another man have his office, under another name. Having thus disposed of the newspaper stories, the Commander-in-Chief went on to make some observations which may be commended to the attention of those who busy themselves in endless schemes of reorganization. He said with perfect truth that we are fond of calling ourselves a great people—and are also amazingly addicted to changing, or at times only renaming, our instruments of government. It is a common mania of the times, and nowhere is it more conspicuous than in the management of our navy and army. When bad work is done, or supposed to be done, little or no inquiry is made into the nature of its badness, and there is not much more effort to discover what good work would be. The course taken is to shift the workers about and give them new titles. The clerk who formerly worked in a front room with a fireplace is drafted into a back room with a stove. A few new places are created, and duly provided with salaries. It is observed, not without some sniggering of a slightly cynical kind, that the able officers who have been entrusted with the work of "reorganization" have mostly provided comfortably for themselves. Then there is peace for a time, but within a year and a day the old complaints crop up. It is beginning to be borne in the minds of some that, if the organization of our naval and military departments needs the incessant tinkering they receive, the fault does not lie in the "system." The source of the evil must be, that we have lost the power of doing good work. This is an unduly pessimistic deduction. The truth is probably more like

this—that these changes are the "canker of a long peace." Personal questions are not silenced by serious work, and, therefore, we have all this pother. At least, that is what not a few are getting to believe more and more firmly. It would be affectation to profess ignorance of the interpretation put on the recent stories about the retirement of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE. On all hands it was taken for granted that some person or persons—whom rumour had no scruple in naming—thought they would grace places of dignity and emolument, which might be created if the Commandership-in-Chief were abolished. These stories were possibly unfounded, but they ought none the less to be a warning to distinguished officers and their friends. Men are not suspected in that way when they stick quietly to their work.

THE RATING OF MACHINERY.

MR. WINTERBOTHAM'S Rating of Machinery Bill, which passed its second reading on Wednesday afternoon by a very large majority, is a measure much to be suspected. Its authors and its more eager supporters—manufacturers themselves, for the most part—would have it appear that their design is to reduce a "tax on industry." In effect, the purpose of the Bill is to relieve millowners, manufacturers, and others of certain rates, the burden whereof will have to be borne by ratepayers in general, including every working-man who has a house of his own or shares his dwelling with another.

The matter stands thus. The machinery employed in cotton-mills, silk-mills, and a hundred different sorts of factories is liable to assessment for the relief of the poor. Mr. WINTERBOTHAM and others contend that, by rights, this assessment should not be made on what they call "loose machinery"—that is to say, on machines planted on the factory floor, but only on driving-engines, boilers, and whatever is not likely to be removed on the transference of the premises from one owner to another. "In the case of gas-works," says Mr. WINTERBOTHAM, no "one would think of taking down the retorts or the 'purifiers'; and therefore it is reasonable to rate them. But cranes, weigh-bridges, and things of that sort ought to be exempt, as 'tenants' fixtures'; or, to take the case of a cotton factory, the fixed engines for driving the machines may be rated (or the motive parts of them), but not the movable machines themselves. It seems, however, that the judges take a different view of what may and may not be rated according to law. A recent decision in "the Tyne Boiler Case" has called attention to the whole subject; and, more particularly, the attention of local rating authorities, who have not been in agreement hitherto as to the right principles of assessment. In confirming that decision, the MASTER of the ROLLS rejected the limitation of rateable machinery to "fixed, annexed, or attached" machinery. He said:—"Things which are on the premises, and which are there for the purpose of making and which make them fit 'as premises for the particular purpose for which they are used, ought to be taken into account.'" Lord Justice LOPES concurred, averring that the decision was founded on good sense and good law. But it is extremely unsatisfactory for the manufacturers; for the reason that rate assessors have a ruling to go by which relieves them of a vast deal of doubt, and emboldens many of them to assess upon machinery hitherto held exempt, as "tenants' fixtures." Hence Mr. WINTERBOTHAM's Bill. The fear is that, while the rating of machinery has been different in different places, according to varying interpretations of the law, it will now become more uniform and uniformly severe.

Thereupon two questions arise—whether the rating of machinery will even now be uniform enough, and whether it will not be too partial and too heavy. As to the first point, Sir HENRY JAMES is obviously right when he urges that, though the principle laid down in the Tyne Boiler Case is "no doubt legally sound," there will still be variations in applying it. "Every valuer has a right to include 'in his valuations anything on the premises which he 'thinks makes them fit for the purposes for which they are used.'" True; and of course it would be well to appoint a simpler and more uniform system of rating, which is needed in more directions than one. But it is obvious that the millowners and manufacturers were much happier with less uniformity when there was less severity. They wish to change the existing law so that taxation may be more equal, no doubt. But their main object is to

reduce all round the rates to which they are at present liable, and the question is whether the Legislature should pass a Relief Bill on their behalf. What is the ground of the demand? It is urged that machinery is not rated in Scotland and that "in all the countries under the Code NAPOLÉON premises used for industrial purposes are specially exempted"; and therefore the English manufacturer is "handicapped." The difference in Scotland may be to the purpose; but Mr. WINTERBOTHAM must know that the practice in countries under the Code NAPOLÉON is not much to be considered in apportioning parish rates for England. Another objection is that, if personal property is to be rated, the rating should be general, and not particular, as in the case of machinery. It is not a conclusive argument; but it may be admitted, with a condition to be indicated presently. Further it is said that "it is manifestly unjust to single out machinery, which of all forms of personal property most deserves encouragement, as the special prey of the tax-collector." This is mere rubbish. Machinery is not the special prey of the tax-collector, and to speak of it as more deserving of encouragement than any other form of personal property is outworn Manchester cant. The long and short of it is that the owners and users of factory machines are supposed to be specially capable of contributing to the poor rates, and therefore their machinery is rated. Of course it is possible that they may be over-assessed under the existing law, as interpreted by the judges; but whether the assessment falls upon their machinery or something else is a matter of no practical consequence. To be sure, they complain that, the rate being what it is, it is "a tax on industry"; but a truer description of it would be, a tax on certain persons engaged in industrial pursuits. They want it reduced. If it is reduced, the difference must be borne by the ratepayers at large—poor and rich alike; and poor industry will have to take an additional share of the common burden. And yet in that case, it seems, the tax on industry will be lightened; which is the aim of Mr. WINTERBOTHAM, Sir W. HOULDSWORTH, Mr. MATHER, and the other manufacturers who spoke on behalf of the Rating of Machinery Bill, and their own pockets, on Wednesday afternoon.

At present we object entirely to the transfer. A complete re-adjustment of local rating is certainly desirable—under a new and general valuation scheme, perhaps; for, as Sir R. PAGET said, many inequalities exist in the present rating law. But it would not be well to begin with a special and particular Relief Bill for manufacturers, by which, in one town alone, about eight thousand pounds a year would have to be made up by the imposition of heavier rates on the rest of the community, mostly composed of poorer men. Speaking on this Relief Bill, Mr. W. JAMES said:—"There was a feeling some fifteen or sixteen years ago in the North of England that the great industries which were so thriving in that part of the country did not contribute their fair share to local taxation." Amongst most men who think about the matter there is a feeling that manufacturers and traders generally do not contribute their fair share to taxation at this moment, when some of them are asking to be let off a little more. No burden is thought too great for the land, with its poor profits. The greater profits of trade come off much better; and yet it is for the benefit of trade, for the extension and security of commerce, that our enormous and most costly State establishments of one kind and another are chiefly maintained. This was true "fifteen or twenty years ago," and it is more true now. If, for instance, at this hour the risk of war and the necessity of spending on preparation for war are increasing, it is very much because commerce, the seeking of new markets for factory-goods, has given us dangerous frontier-lines in Africa and elsewhere for the first time. No doubt these extensions of trade bring a common benefit. But we know what class of men it is who benefit first and profit most; and if exceptional taxation is tolerable at all, these are the men who should not be spared, but should be made to bear it. At present, it is the landlord who is marked out as "the special prey of the tax-collector"; he whose luck it is to profit least by the natural operation of our commercial system.

THE DEADLY DRUM.

MR. HADEN CORSER, though a not particularly experienced, is supposed to be a tolerably competent, magistrate, and he may possibly be a tolerably good

lawyer. Nevertheless the collation of newspaper reports which follows deserves his attention as well as that of the Legislature and the public generally. On Monday morning Mr. CORSER "gave his decision in a case in which seven members of the Upper Holloway contingent of the Salvation Army band were summoned for playing noisy instruments to call persons together in a public place contrary to the 54th section of 2 & 3 Vict. cap. 42." This is but the version of the police-court reporter, and it is unlikely that he has stated the charge with complete correctness. It happens, however, that it does not greatly matter whether he is quite accurate or not. The magistrate's decision was in favour of the defendants, and the reason which he is reported to have given for it, put shortly, is that, in his judgment, the main purpose or intention with which the band played was to enable the players and their companions to keep step, and to assist them in the concerted singing of hymns. He was good enough to allow an appeal, and this is well, because it is a clearly arguable proposition that, as drums and trumpets which make a noise are noisy instruments, and that, inasmuch as every one is presumed to have intended the natural consequence of his acts, and as the natural consequence of banging a drum and blowing a trumpet in the streets is that people will run together to find out what is going on, every one who plays noisy instruments in the street must be taken to have intended that persons should there and then come together, and may therefore be fairly said to have played with the intention or for the purpose of calling them together. It is more than probable that Mr. CORSER's decision was wrong, because he quoted in its support the purely irrelevant circumstance that other processions march behind bands from time to time without any one raising an objection. Many unlawful things are done now and then for which prosecutions would be instituted fast enough if they were done systematically and continually. Wrong or right, however, Mr. CORSER's decision was what has been indicated.

On Tuesday evening Dr. WESTCOTT held an inquest upon the body of "MARTHA PHILLIPS, aged 71, the wife of a builder residing at 310 Holloway Road." Holloway Road is in the district the police-court of which is held at Dalston, where Mr. HADEN CORSER commonly dispenses justice, and delivered the decision already summarized. It appeared in evidence that the deceased woman had lately been "very much worried by drums and horns." These instruments were beaten and blown by persons calling themselves members of the "Salvation Army"; and, accordingly, Mr. PHILLIPS, the husband, summoned Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH (probably at Dalston, but whether before Mr. HADEN CORSER or with what result does not appear from the report). The consequence was that "they were quiet for a while until Monday week last, when the band began to play again." Mrs. PHILLIPS said, "Oh! dear, there they are at it again. We shall soon be as bad as ever." After this Mrs. PHILLIPS, according to her husband's evidence, slept badly, and "was worried by the noise" until the following Thursday, when she was seized with an apoplectic fit, fell with her head against the door, exclaimed "Oh! my poor head; the worry—the worry!" and died. Of course, it is very ridiculous and offensive conduct on the part of a woman seventy-one years old to be seized with a fatal apoplectic fit, because it amuses Mr. BOOTH and his crew to beat drums, blow horns, and howl blasphemous doggerel to music-hall tunes outside her door; but still in a town like London there are sure to be a good many old women, and some nervous ones, in any street a fifteenth part of the length of Holloway Road (a road to which Cromwell Road is a baby in arms). Moreover, for every old woman that dies in this way there are several thousands of persons, of all ages and both sexes, who are exceedingly distressed and injured, without dying in such a manner as to provoke an inquest. Therefore it is eminently to be wished that such by-laws as are capable of abating the nuisance should be rigorously enforced, and in particular that Mr. HADEN CORSER's recent decision, upon examination by minds of greater learning than his, should turn out to be against the evidence, and as bad in law as it is revolting to common sense.

COMMISSIONS.

A CURIOUS case, of which more is likely to be heard, was tried on the first day of the Easter Sittings before Mr. Justice MATHEW and a special jury. The plaintiff claimed ten thousand pounds, and got them, which alone is an interesting fact. The subject of the action was a commission upon a sale, and bargains of this sort always attract a good deal of public notice. It has been said that nothing so frequently leads to a lawsuit, except the warranty of a horse, and misrepresentation of the profits made out of a tavern. Anything so conducive to litigation enlists the sympathies of the legal profession, its sisters, its cousins, and its aunts. Then there is the City, which always scents afar off the opportunity of turning an honest penny without assiduous and laborious occupation. Altogether, therefore, a commission case may at any time be sure of attentive readers. The circumstances of this particular story are not a little peculiar, and the verdict will probably take many people by surprise. The defendant, Mr. CLARKE, was in October, 1888, the owner of the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit and other premises in the same locality. He wished to dispose of them, and the plaintiff, Mr. EVANS, agreed to find him a purchaser, and the price was fixed at three hundred thousand pounds, and the commission at ten thousand. This is a very liberal commission indeed. But, of course, as Mr. EVANS demanded it, and Mr. CLARKE undertook to pay it, the Court had nothing to do with the terms. The real questions for the jury were whether the contract of sale had been completed, and whether consequentially the commission had become due. Mr. EVANS took Mr. CLARKE's solicitor to Hull, and there they met one NEWMAN, who acted as agent for an intending purchaser, Mr. ROBSON. An agreement was then drawn up, under which Mr. CLARKE received only fifty thousand pounds, the remaining two hundred and fifty thousand being left out on mortgage. Then there was a supplementary agreement for the formation of a Company to purchase the premises. The shares of the Company were never allotted, and the sale was not effected. It would certainly appear to the ordinary mind that the plaintiff had not done what he proposed and was employed to do. He was to take the premises off Mr. CLARKE's hands, and put into Mr. CLARKE's hands the sum of three hundred thousand pounds in lieu thereof. He did neither. Yet the jury found in his favour, and decided that he was entitled to be paid in full the amount originally fixed between the parties. It is a strange case, with a strange ending.

The key to the enigma probably lies in the state of things which exactly preceded the formation of the Company. Mr. CLARKE's counsel argued that the Company was a new thing, that it got rid of the former arrangement altogether, and that, at any rate, the property never passed. But it was said on the other side in reply that Mr. CLARKE drew back from the first plan of sale, that he assented to the project of a Company, and that the Company once formed Mr. EVANS's part of the business was over. It is obvious that these conflicting pleas would be extremely difficult to adjust without minute inquiry into all details, for which a special jury of London merchants are the best possible tribunal. But, on general grounds, it may perhaps be doubted whether these commissions are not too easily earned and recovered. Unless Mr. CLARKE be the author of his own wrong by refusing a good bargain and suggesting an impracticable scheme, he is in a most unfortunate and deplorable situation. He finds himself saddled with the property he wished to sell, and also liable to pay ten thousand pounds in a fruitless attempt to sell it. The plaintiff, on the contrary, is a lucky man, if ever there was one. He has acquired a sum upon which some modest people could subsist for the rest of their lives, and he has got it, as the sporting people say, without turning a hair. If he was ready to go on, and transfer the premises, but was defeated by the obstinacy of his client, he is, of course, entitled to the remuneration which he would in the event of success have admittedly obtained. But in all the circumstances it is, perhaps, as well that a stay of execution has been ordered, and that an appeal is, therefore, likely to be entered. For while the special facts which existed in this instance may conceivably settle no general principle, it may be otherwise, and, at all events, too much light cannot be thrown upon the whole business of commission agents. It is a legitimate, perhaps a necessary, calling. But it involves many delicate points,

it is full of dangerous pitfalls, and the mercantile man, though by no means a fool, may err therein. A commission agent has as good a chance as most people of realizing the modern ideal—pay without work.

A COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEAL.

THE question of a Court of Criminal Appeal naturally comes up as often as there is a dispute about the execution of a criminal; that is to say, as often as a murder case of some interest coincides with a time when other subjects of interest are not frequent. As for criminals who are sentenced at other times, *strangulatur non ponderatur* is the rule. This is somewhat "unekal"; and what is more "unekal" still is the fate of Home Secretaries in such cases. Mr. MATTHEWS is not a person for whom we have an extraordinary veneration. In small matters, where there is a Cass case or a blackleg case to deal with, he is apt to go wrong. But in great ones, where another man might go wrong, he is apt to take his courage in both hands, and go right. Very few Home Secretaries have been tried in three such crucial instances as those of LIPSKI, FLORENCE MAYBRICK, and the DAVIES boys, and have done right in all three. But it is rather hard on a Home Secretary that he alone of Ministers should be exposed to the personal odium of responsibility in such a case. No other Minister has to bear anything of the kind except from individual "cranks." The half-pay major who, but for a flaw in the regulations, ought to have been retired on general's pay; the half-pay lieutenant who would have been an admiral but for the damnable partiality of the First Lord in applying to his case warrant A instead of warrant B; the honest tradesman in whose scullery unexpected tobacco has turned up; the diplomatic impossible who has found himself, at an early period of his career, compelled to choose between the third secretaryship in Tierra del Fuego and nothing—all hate the Secretary for War, the First Lord, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Foreign Secretary, with a holy hatred; but the public cares not one jot for either. Only the unfortunate incumbent of the Home Office is represented as a bloodthirsty fiend because he hangs an undoubted parricide, or as a mispriser of adultery because he does not hang a young woman who is certainly no better than she should be, but not certainly a murderess.

It is very easy to say that a responsible official must underlie his responsibilities. He must; but the question is whether by overloading him with responsibility you do, or do not, interpose an obstacle in the proper carrying on of the QUEEN's Government and the execution of her laws. We confess that it seems to us, after much pondering and repondering of the question, that this is what it has come to. In past times opinion on the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal has been much divided. On the whole—for we are nothing if not candid—the balance of expert and authoritative judgment has perhaps been against it, though always with a notable minority of dissenters. If we think that the time has come for the scale to descend on the other side, we are quite ready to give our reasons. Nobody can condemn the *popularis aura* more than we do when there is any matter of principle or of the general welfare at stake. But when the question is of means to an end, and the *popularis aura* blows adversely to one set of means and not to another, we think it pedantry to take no account of it. One object of all sensible men is to get bad men hanged, and everything that helps this is a benefit, and to be furthered. The object, not of all, but of many, fools is to prevent bad men from being hanged, and anything that helps the attainment of this object is a nuisance and to be done away with. The hanging of bad men is indeed not the sole object of good government, but it is one of the chief, and practically includes many others. It is the most emphatic negative that can be given to the habit of regarding all things as open questions; the most unanswerable demurrer to the demand for a perpetual *referendum*. It would be extremely desirable that no one should incur the penalty, for in itself the hanging of a man can be a joy to no mortal, except, perhaps, to the very same morbid creatures who now shriek against it. But this being against human nature, the next best thing is that there should be no gambling with the penalty. We have now brought down the liability to that penalty as low as it can possibly

be brought without abolishing it altogether; we have brought it much lower than in some cases—attempt to murder, treason-felony, and some others—wise men would like it to have been brought. The only atonement we can make for this is never to palter with it as it is, and to give no excuse for the irrational popular agitation which decides so many things to-day. Now, the present position of the Home Secretary as an irregular judge of appeal gives every handle to such agitation. It is quite proper—we did it ourselves the other day—to denounce personal appeals to the QUEEN. Yet, after all, the Home Secretary is nothing but the dispenser of the Royal prerogative of mercy, the mouthpiece of the old generous, if irrational, idea that “a king’s face should show grace.” The notion of his weighing the evidence and re-trying the case, though a devout imagination, has no basis in law or constitutional theory. Good Home Secretaries usually, if not always, manage to find good excuses for their exercise of the prerogative; but it would be as constitutional and as legal if a man on coming into office made up his mind that everybody whose name began with A should be hanged, and everybody whose name began with B should be let off. We have often asked ourselves what special justification there was for the highly-respectable Minister of the period, whoever he was, in carrying out Her Majesty Queen CAROLINE’s benevolent purposes, and letting off EFFIE DEANS. And, on our honour as the staunchest admirers of SCOTT in these kingdoms, we can find none.

In other words, the present system has worked admirably hitherto, not so much because it has been supported by a healthy public opinion—public opinion is very much the same at all times—as because there have been few and inconvenient channels for unhealthy public opinion to make itself felt. The fools probably always thought that it was a burning shame that A should be hanged or that B should get off. But they had much less opportunity of knowing anything about A or B, and they had less opportunity still of delivering their most sweet voices on the subject. Now they have abundance of both, and there are persons who, like fawning publicans, simply cringe and beg for their noble honours’ worships’ custom in the way of “ventilating” this knowledge and these opinions. It may be said (and, if so, it would be said truly) that some of those who rail against the Home Secretary would rail against a Court of Criminal Appeal. But their railing would be far weaker, and would have much less hold. The attack on the Home Secretary is personal, and personality is a *mächtige Götting*. It is political, and can influence, and is often simply indulged in to influence, bye-elections, or the general credit of the Government to which the Minister belongs. It has the advantage of the present anomalous and somewhat illogical system on which sentences are reversed, mitigated, or allowed to take their course. A Court of three or five judges with power to review the evidence given, to call for fresh, to consider the verdict of the jury, and either to endorse it, to reverse it, to mitigate the sentence of their own motion, or to recommend the exercise of the prerogative of pardon or reprieve, would be entirely free from the first two drawbacks and much less exposed to the third. It would by degrees, like other Courts, create a body of precedent which would cover most cases perfectly, and almost all indirectly. Even before this it would be free from the appearance of personal caprice which now gives a handle, and would, *ab initio*, be totally out of shot of political malice. As there would be no jury, as in no case would a person acquitted by a jury be retried, and as in every case the greatest possible weight would be allowed to the jury’s verdict and recommendations in the lower Court, no diminution of the responsibility or authority of that Court could be justly feared. The worst thing that can be said against appeal is that, if there were no fools among us or if we paid no attention to them, it would be superfluous. The best and final thing that can be said for it is that there are fools among us, and the present system gives them their best chance of winning attention.

TELEGRAPH CLERKS IN PARLIAMENT.

BOTH in the House of Commons and out of it there will be a general agreement with the protest which Mr. RAIKES, following an example recently set him by Mr. GOSCHEN, made against the growing custom of making

the grievances and the internal affairs of the public offices matters of debate in Parliament. Nothing exasperates members more surely than high-and-dry official assertions that they must not meddle with this or the other official affair. The House has a firm conviction that it has the right, and is sure that it has the power, to meddle in whatever it pleases for cause shown. But members, when taken properly, are not quite unreasonable. They would never allow that under no circumstances ought they to consider possible grievances of telegraph clerks as beyond their province; but they can be persuaded that, if the practice of appealing from their own chiefs to Parliament extends among public servants, the results will be very bad for discipline, and not good for the House. It is inevitable that whatever is discussed frequently at Westminster becomes very soon a party question. The wish to treat it independently may be strong, but Parliamentary flesh is weak. Now nothing could be more fatal to the interests of good administration than the introduction of party politics into the management of the public offices. If there is any doubt on the subject in the mind of any reasonable member of Parliament, we should recommend him to listen to the bitter complaints made in France of the evils which come from the perpetual intervention of the Deputies in the State offices. But the truth is so obvious that it really does not require to be enforced by examples. The House was easily induced to see it by mere force of argument.

LORD COMPTON and Mr. RAIKES both helped to keep the discussion of Tuesday evening on the proper lines. Lord COMPTON did a thing not in itself desirable except at rare intervals and for especial reasons with as much tact and fairness as such a thing can be done. Mr. RAIKES, though he was official, was not exasperatingly official. He did show teeth and claws now and then, as when, for instance, he referred to the stream of petitions, all tending to obtain more pay and less work for public servants, which it is the common fate of a head of a department to receive. But a Minister must be allowed the right of self-defence, and the telegraph clerks themselves cannot complain when they are accused of sharing a universal desire. If there are people in the world who do not wish for more pay and less work we have not yet met them. As regards the case which Earl COMPTON stated for the telegraph clerks, it will not be thought very grievous except by members of that useful body. They complain, indeed, of excessive hours of work, of insufficient pay, and of grievances in promotion. There is also the very burning question of meal-time. When these complaints are examined, however, what they come to is this—that in the Telegraph Department, as in other places where men work, there is sometimes much to do; the pay, particularly in the lower ranks, is not magnificent; and the higher and better paid places are more or less hard to obtain. This, however, is the case in banks, newspaper-offices, and manufactories. It is not self-evident that telegraph clerks should be exempted from the common lot. Public offices do, indeed, in a quiet way take it for granted that the servants of the State should be treated with a tenderness and a certain large generosity in proportion to the dignity of their employer. We quite understand that they hold this faith; but the employer may take another view. The evidence of over-pressure in work actually given does not appear to us very convincing. Mr. FAWCETT’s rule that sixteen hours should be two days’ work is not, it seems, very strictly carried out. It happens that for a week more than eight hours’ work a day is demanded, and then for another week only six hours a day is insisted on. These irregularities seem grievous to the telegraph clerk. We dare say they are, but they happen to bank clerks, and to the staff in merchants’ offices. In those places, too, there is very seldom or never a compensating week of six hours’ work a day. Again we must confess our inability to see why the telegraph clerk should not bear the burden like other men. The burning question of meal-time moves our sympathy. It must be annoying not to have a quiet hour between, say, two in the afternoon and nine at night, in which to take your dinner. This is the lot of hundreds of thousands, however. Why should the servants of the State escape the conditions of work more than others? On the whole, the case of the telegraph clerks, as stated by Lord COMPTON, does not bring us any nearer than we were before to a conviction that the public officials are particularly ill-treated. In private employment they would probably be told that if they did not like the conditions of work they could go. As it is, they find members of Parliament to speak for them, and

Ministers to take their grievances into consideration. Neither is a standard of sixteen hours for two days' work an unduly severe one. We, at least, have heard of people who are much worse off.

THE BUDGET.

A CHANCELLOR of the Exchequer with a surplus of over three millions and a half to dispose of is to be regarded, we are continually told in these days—and by no one more frequently than the present holder of that office—as the proper object of compassion rather than of envy. No doubt there is something to be said for that view of the Minister's position, though there has been some tendency to exaggerate it of late years; for, after all, the large majority of us would prefer to be the millionaire with all those innumerable "calls upon him" than the man who finds extreme difficulty in responding to his own most moderate calls upon himself. Still there is, we admit, an element of truth in the assertion that a Chancellor of the Exchequer with a surplus large enough to excite the cupidity of a number of rival claimants is not to be altogether envied; and if Mr. GOSCHEN had been content with that representation of his position with respect to the coming financial year, his Budget speech, so far at least as this aspect of it is concerned, would have offered no challenge to criticism. But he cannot "have it both ways." He cannot at once appeal to our sympathies as a Finance Minister who is bound to excite jealousies by his mode of distributing a large surplus, and as one who must necessarily create disappointment by his mode of dealing with the "very modest amount" which is at his disposal. We must protest against a surplus of 3,540,000*l.*, or even a surplus of the reduced dimensions of 2,869,000*l.*, being described as a very modest amount for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to have to play with. No doubt it is insufficient to do all that he would like to do in the way of remitting taxation. No doubt he cannot make it available for the satisfaction of all the claimants upon him to the extent of all their claims. But that is only to say what might be said of any conceivable surplus whatsoever—namely, that it has to come out of the exhaustible pockets of a certain number of millions of ordinary human beings, and not out of the purse of Prince FORTUNATUS. Three millions and a half is a sum amply sufficient—if employed for that purpose—to make a sensible impression upon one or other of the important heads of taxation, and that is as much as any Chancellor in an age when "miracles do not happen" can expect of any surplus. Of course it is possible to use it, not in giving sensible relief to any one great class of taxpayers, but in bestowing unfelt blessings on several other classes of taxpayers. And in this way, also, it is, no doubt, within the power of a Chancellor of the Exchequer to get rid of a surplus of any dimensions without anybody being, or at any rate feeling, a penny the better for it.

That Mr. GOSCHEN's last Budget will encounter this criticism in a good many quarters is, we fear, a prospect to which he and his colleagues must be prepared to resign themselves. It would be idle to deny that the refusal of relief to the Income-taxpayer has caused acute disappointment; and it would, in our opinion at least, be equally vain for the Government to expect anything like a compensatory amount of gratitude from the various classes of taxpayers among whom the surplus has been distributed. The malcontents, moreover, have more than the usual grounds for objecting to their treatment in that there has been less than the usual pains taken to justify it. Mr. GOSCHEN's reference to the fact that the Government had been charged with showing undue favour to the Income-taxpayer in reducing the tax from 8*d.* to 6*d.* was, no doubt, ingenious enough from the rhetorical point of view. How unreasonable, the implied argument of course runs, to expect us to do more for you, when we have been already attacked for doing so much! But the Income-taxpayer will not, we suspect, prove very amenable to representations of this kind. He knows very well that any reduction of Income-tax is always sure of hostile criticism from—if no one else—the "comfortable" Radical gentleman who can bear his own share of the impost easily enough, and is therefore eager to attack a Government which, instead of freeing the breakfast-table of the artisan of its now absolutely imperceptible burdens, prefers to assist the struggling shop-

keeper (who is perhaps as often as not a Conservative) and the more straitened class of professional man (who is perhaps a Conservative more often than not). The Income-taxpayer, we say, is well aware that any relief to him, no matter how small or of how heavy a burden, will find assailants of this sort; and he will not, therefore, be much moved by Mr. GOSCHEN's suggestion that even the reduction of the tax from 8*d.* to 6*d.* required to be justified on the ground that it was a "restoration of the *status quo*." Moreover, he will be apt to think that arguments of this kind do not come particularly well from a Minister who avows his desire to do something for "the class which begins to wear a black coat," and only about 800,000 of whom are to have a comparatively small "something" done for them in the form of a remission of the inhabited-house duty.

Still less, we think, will the Income-taxpayer appreciate another of the arguments with which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER justifies himself for passing him over. We mean the argument that, inasmuch as the accumulation of the surplus is mainly due to an increased yield from indirect taxation, it ought to be applied in relieving the indirect taxpayer. This contention, at the best of times, smacks somewhat of financial pedantry; but as applied to the arrangements of Mr. GOSCHEN's Budget it loses its last pretence of solidity. We owe the surplus to one class of indirect taxpayer, and it is to be used for the relief of another. The spirit-drinker has filled the coffers of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and, therefore—in the name of the sacred principle that the proceeds of indirect taxation must be employed for the benefit of the indirect taxpayer—the contributions of the spirit-drinker shall go to the drinker of tea. Nay, the former shall be compelled to do yet more for the latter in the shape of an increased impost. "The tipplers," says Mr. GOSCHEN, with too near an approach to claptrap, "shall 'relieve tea.' No one in the House, he urged, would 'be prepared to say that the consumers of alcoholic beverages 'should be relieved'; and in that, of course, he is perfectly right. The fact that the spirit-drinker has paid the existing duty with such apparent ease is of course a reason for taxing him more heavily rather than for relieving him. But the fact that you cannot and ought not to relieve him, but should apply the surplus he has provided to the relief of somebody else, is in itself sufficient to show that the principle of using the proceeds of indirect taxation to assist the indirect taxpayer is a new phrase with no substance of reason, no foundation of equity or expediency at the bottom of it.

No doubt there is more than one feature of minor importance in the Budget which will make it acceptable to various classes of the community. The contribution to the Volunteers—in frank recognition and realization of the wish signified in such uncomfortably plain terms by the House of Commons—will be cordially welcomed. So, too, will be the announcement of the intention of the Government to deal with the question of Imperial postage; and no doubt a somewhat minute examination of the Budget might reveal other points in which its author may claim to have satisfied public expectation. But popular, in the broad sense of the word, it cannot be called; nor even popular, we think, in the narrower electioneering acceptance of the term. It enables the Government—in reply to the class of critics to whom we have referred above—to point with pride to the fact that they have not reduced the Income-tax in this year's Budget, that they have done something towards the complete emancipation of the breakfast-table, and that they have endeavoured to discourage the wicked consumer of alcoholic liquors. But it is too much to be feared that the actual result of these measures will not be proportioned to the magnitude of the claims based upon them; that the wicked spirit-drinker will drink as much spirits as ever; that the virtuous tea-drinker will pay as much for his tea; and that, while these two classes forget the good intentions of their benefactor, the discontent of the disappointed Income-taxpayer will alone survive.

SUNDAY CLOSING IN WALES.

THE Report of the Commission appointed to consider the working of the Welsh Sunday Closing Act of 1881 is not a very satisfactory document. It was appointed for the double purpose of answering the question whether the Act had

diminished drunkenness in Wales and of suggesting improvements in the present law. The question is answered Yes and No. In "districts which were already temperate and progressive in sobriety" it helped the cause of temperance by removing a temptation from a weak minority; but that minority was already a decreasing one, and the Commissioners seem to think that the advocates of temperance would have got on as well without the Act as with it. In Cardiff and some mining districts the Act has not diminished drunkenness. Roughly speaking, it has succeeded where it was not wanted, and failed where it was wanted. Nothing much worse has been said against it by any of its opponents. The most important feature of this part of the Report is that the places where it has been successful, though unnecessary, are the rural districts of Wales and the mining and quarrying districts of North Wales. The failure is most conspicuous in Glamorganshire, and it must be remembered that Glamorganshire is, in point of population, probably a good deal more than half Wales, and is the only part of the Principality where there is any considerable density of population. The Rhondda Valley, in Glamorganshire, which may be taken as the most pronounced type of South Wales mining valleys, is practically a town twenty miles long by a few hundred yards wide, coming to a head at Pontypridd. Neither the colliery nor quarrying districts of North Wales can show such a concentration, or rather elongation, of population as this. Neither is there any town in the more sober districts in Wales which can be compared, in point of population, to Cardiff or Swansea. The inference would seem to be, that in populous places the Act has failed to remove a temptation from a minority which is neither weak nor diminishing. On the other hand, it is in favour of the Act that it has been found that the worship of St. Monday has decreased both in Glamorganshire and elsewhere, and that the state of public streets has been improved, though in many cases at the expense of suburban districts. On these findings it is not to be wondered at that the Commissioners express an opinion that, had they with their present information been called upon to advise on the form of the original legislation, they would have allowed liquor to be sold on Sundays in small quantities for domestic use. They consider, however, that the great majority of the inhabitants of Wales are opposed to this view, and that it accordingly ought not to be put into force. In other words, the law is a bad law, but it is a popular one, and an attempt to repeal it would be generally unpopular. Practically this argument for leaving things alone is a weighty one, but this expression of opinion will give an effective weapon for use against those who wish the rest of the country to be treated like Wales, and is most important in considering the advisableness of dealing with admitted evils on the old lines.

The causes of the failure of the Act, in so far as it has failed, are well-known. The "*bona-fide* traveller," the "bogus club," the "shebeen," and the present system of regulating the wholesale trade, have all been amply described, and the Report practically adds nothing to what has for a long time been common knowledge on these subjects. The four-mile journey from Swansea to the Mumbles; the Cardiff drinking-clubs, opening on Saturday afternoons, closing on Monday, and full all the time between; the constant sale of beer in private houses, and our old friend the "belly-can" (whose existence, though at one time doubted, was triumphantly proved by the production of specimens confiscated by the Merthyr police); and the fraudulent retail sale by wholesale dealers, are all duly chronicled, and certainly constitute a list of foes which might well baffle an Act of Parliament of the best intentions. To many persons the existence of so many methods of evading a law forbidding an act which is not a generally recognised sin might suggest that the law was impolitic and wrong; and, indeed, from other considerations, the Commissioners seem to have come to this conclusion. But they do not draw the further inference which is properly deducible from these premises—namely, that any attempt to increase the stringency of the Act in those directions in which it has already been evaded may cause great inconvenience to honest people, but will not have much effect upon the knaves. On the contrary, it is just such attempts that they recommend. Their first recommendation is, nevertheless, a sound one. It is to reduce the "*bona-fide*" traveller to a "traveller" merely, and to repeal that part of the Act which says that no man is a "*bona-fide* traveller" who has not travelled three miles, and which has been universally misapplied. They propose to insert in its place an enactment that no man is a traveller who cannot prove that he travelled for a purpose other than to get drunk, and that he did not remain on the premises longer than necessary. This seems to give reasonable protection to all travellers desiring to be protected, especially to those who travel for pleasure merely. The term *bona fide* was always meaningless in practice, and was further objectionable as being the only example of the use of a foreign language in an Act of Parliament; for, unless we are mistaken, it is not to be found in that part of our language which is law Latin. Other provisions as to only houses of a certain rateable value being allowed to entertain the traveller, and as to the keeping of a register of travellers seem both inconvenient and useless.

As to clubs, the Commissioners make the hopeless suggestion that, if anybody can define a club, clubs where intoxicating liquors are sold should be registered. It is not likely that the definition will be forthcoming, or that the consequent registration would be of any use. A co-operative store or a joint-stock Company,

with shares at nominal prices, will serve the drunkard's purpose quite as well as a club. As long as two men may go shares in a cask of beer, legal ingenuity may be trusted to perform the little conjuring trick of making the purchaser part-owner of the liquor before he buys it; and this is all that is required to apply the principle on which the Cardiff clubs have flourished. The line taken as to shebeens is not much more encouraging. The suggestion of the Committee of the House of Lords on intemperance is adopted to the effect that "having or keeping for sale" liquor without a licence should be punishable, as "selling or exposing for sale" is now. This does not get rid of the present difficulty in such cases, which is to prove the sale; for an intention to sell would have to be proved in the proposed addition, and would be as hard to prove as the sale is now. It is also suggested to legalize a form of search-warrant now prevailing under a local Act at Glasgow, of a much more vigorous kind than any which is lawful at present. The last recommendation is concerned with wholesale dealers. At present any person may sell beer wholesale who takes out an Excise licence, which he is entitled to on payment of ten pounds. It seems that many of these dealers in Cardiff take advantage to sell by retail illegally. In order to meet this danger, it is proposed that no wholesale licence shall be procurable without a certificate from a licensing authority, and that the wholesale trade should be subjected to various restrictions with which it is not at present encumbered. This would produce certain inconveniences to honest dealers, and there is no reason why a man who sells beer in a way not authorized by a licence which he holds should not sell it without a licence at all. Both acts are equally illegal; and the only way in which the former is easier than the latter is that the mere possession of a large quantity of beer is not as suspicious a circumstance in the former case as in the latter.

The fact is that all the proposals of the Commissioners, with the exception of part of the treatment of the *bona-fide* traveller, are merely attempts to increase the stringency of the Act in the points where it has failed in those parts of Wales where it could be of any use. The Commissioners point out the various ways in which the law is evaded, and suggest remedies which are hopeless to the extent of being ridiculous. Even if the remedies were successful, it is certain that fresh methods of evasion could be discovered, and it is expressly found that the evasion and violation of the Act are looked upon as no moral offences by a great part, and that the most important and progressive part, of the population. Under these circumstances it is not rash to come to the conclusion that the present Act is constructed on wrong lines, and that in those points where it failed it failed because it deserved to. If drinking beer on a Sunday was wrong it might be necessary to enforce the principle of the Act at all costs. But the Act is meant to check drunkenness, and it attempts to do so by dealing with drinking. Up to a certain point such indirect legislation is most useful, as the general licensing laws bear witness. But when such a law breaks down, and breaks down apparently hopelessly, it is a sign that that point has been passed. The failure of the law is practically admitted in the present Report, and the Commissioners seem to have been well aware why it has come about. It is to be regretted that they were restrained by their own estimation of the direction and force of public opinion from forming the conclusion to which the perusal of that Report will bring all impartial persons. That is, that the remedies proposed are perfectly sure to be useless for curbing the evils they are framed to meet, and that the only way of permanently removing those evils is to repeal so much of the Act as has brought them into existence.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XL.

THE PLAYERS.

THE Revolution greatly modified the social position of actors and of persons connected with the theatre and fine arts in general. If it lowered the aristocracy, it made an attempt to elevate the artistic professions, and with some success. Previous to the Revolution, the player in France was considered a vagabond without social recognition whatever. Further, he was legally ostracized, and although several actors and many actresses made for themselves a certain artificial standing in society, their position was only considered to be the result of a caprice of fashion on the part of those personages who, fascinated by the histrionic art, condescended to be friendly to its interpreters, and occasionally to honour them by their presence at a supper-party or a benefit. The French Church refused to have anything to do with the stage. She would not baptize the actor, marry or bury him, although to be sure the sacraments were never denied to the Italian comedians who chanced to be in Paris; but they were described as belonging to the diocese of Rome. So late as 1781, when the Opera was burnt down and some dozen dancers were killed, the Archbishop refused to allow a Requiem to be said for them. There was only one means whereby the actor in France could receive the sacrament—by the formal renunciation of his profession. The question of the political and civil rights of actors was first brought before the National Assembly in December 1789, on the same day that the emancipation of the Jews was discussed. On the 21st of December of the same year, Roederer formally proposed that the nation should relieve "those artists who in-

terpreted the sublime works of the greatest of French poets from those civil disqualifications under which they laboured, and which were the result of absurd and ridiculous prejudices." The Count de Clermont-Tonnerre proposed at this session that the National Assembly should decree all active citizens qualified for election either to Parliament or the Municipal Council, irrespective of their profession or religion. M. de Clermont-Tonnerre, in a fine speech, thus apostrophized the members of the theatrical profession:—"You are the comedians of the King, you occupy the stage of the National Theatre, and yet you are deemed infamous. We applaud you, and yet you cannot be buried as decent citizens, and are obliged to live in concubinage because you cannot marry your wives before the altar. This is absurd, and must be altered at once." The Abbé Maury naturally took upon himself to ridicule the proposition of the Count, and flew into a violent passion when it was further proposed that the Jews should be granted civil rights. However, very shortly afterwards both measures passed, but not before Dazincourt, secretary of the French Theatre, had addressed the Assembly a long and very logical letter, the reading of which almost sent Maury into a fit. "It is most indecent," he cried, stamping his feet and beating his hands, "that the comedians should presume to correspond directly with the Assembly." Mirabeau also did not hesitate to recall to the Députés the fact that Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who was their chief apostle, was also violently opposed to the drama and its interpreters. The prejudices of centuries could not be done away with in a moment. In 1790, Talma addressed to the Assembly a remarkable letter, in which he announced that, despite the fact that he was a member of the Holy Roman and Apostolic Church, firmly believed in all the dogmas of that religion, and had led what he considered an upright life, the Archbishop of Paris positively refused him permission to marry a respectable young woman unless he gave his word of honour to retire at once from a profession which was his only means, not only of gaining a livelihood, but of making fame and fortune. This letter produced extraordinary results. A few days afterwards the civil marriage law was proclaimed, and the matrimonial registers were taken for ever out of the hands of the priests. To a certain extent, unquestionably the Church had brought the punishment upon herself, or, rather, her ministers did so for her. People could not help remarking that it was incredible the clergy should treat with such evidence of bigotry a form of amusement which was directly patronized by the sovereign, and which they themselves before the Revolution very often attended. Indeed, the frequency with which the priests went to the play, especially when represented in private houses, was one of the scandals of the time. The decree of 1790 brought to the front in political circles a number of comedians, and two of them in the most unfavourable manner—Collet d'Herbois and Monvel. In 1793 Dugazon became the aide-de-camp of Santerre; and his understudy, Fusil, proceeded to Lyons, where he was among the most ferocious organizers of the massacres in that city. Grammont left the stage and became a general; subsequently, however, dying on the scaffold, together with his son, who was his aide-de-camp. Bordier was sent on a revolutionary mission to Rouen. He committed a hundred excesses and ended by being hanged. Dufresse became a general, and commanded at Naples under Murat. It was not unusual during the Revolution for an actor to come to the footlights and announce that another comedian would take his part, because he himself was called upon to assist at such and such a Revolutionary Committee. One night one of the comedians, who was an officer in the Garde Nationale, returned to the theatre from his military duties so late that he was unable to change his costume, and so had to play the part of Orestes in the national uniform.

The Convention created the Institut, and decreed that a place should be reserved therein for the foremost actors of the period. Molé, Prévile, Monvel, and Grandmesnil were presently elected to take a seat in the august Assembly of the Forty. But, with all this, the social condition of the actor in France was not much ameliorated, and the Revolution, which emancipated him, did little or nothing else, especially in a pecuniary sense; for in 1790 the subvention to the Théâtre-Français was diminished by two-thirds, and in 1792 was withdrawn altogether.

Throughout the Revolution Talma played an important part, but he usually arrayed himself on the side of mercy and peace. In 1793 the comedians of the Théâtre-Français performed a number of plays, which were regarded by the Convention as reactionary, especially *Pumella*, which created at the time so marked an impression. Fouquier-Tinville ordered, at the instance of Barrère, that the Théâtre-Français should be closed, for the first time, after an existence of one hundred and thirteen years. A number of the actors were arrested on the ensuing night, and thrown into prison; the men were sent to the Madelonnettes and the women to Sainte-Pélagie. Five months afterwards the men were transferred to Picpus, and the women to the ex-Convent of the English Benedictines, in the Rue des Fossés Saint-Victor. Champville, the nephew of Prévile, went to Collet d'Herbois to intercede for his companions. That monster answered—"Get away; you ought to consider yourself lucky you are out of danger yourself. You and all the comedians of Paris are a lot of anti-Revolutionists. I'll have the heads of those who are in prison, and I'll banish every other actor in Paris." That very day he sent a note to Fouquier-Tinville, in which the names of Dazincourt, Fleury, Louise Contat, Emilie Contat, Rancourt, and Lange were followed by a capital "G," which meant that

they were to be forthwith guillotined. On the 1st of July, 1794, judgment was to have been pronounced upon these unfortunate people, and their execution would have followed in less than twenty-four hours. So sure, indeed, were the populace that they were condemned that on the following day the quays and bridges were crowded with people who had come to see the comedians making their last earthly journey. However, it so happened that Labussière, an employé of the Comité de Salut Public, had the courage to keep back the list which Collet had sent to Fouquier-Tinville. Fresh papers had to be prepared, and in the meantime the Ninth Thermidor arrived and the comedians were saved. On leaving prison they opened a theatre in the Rue Feydeau, and made their reappearance in *La Mort de César* and *Les Surprises de l'Amour*. They were received with acclamation. Meantime, their companions of the new Théâtre-Français in the Rue de Richelieu, who had been in favour of the men in power, saw a storm of public indignation burst over their heads. Fusil, who ventured to return from Lyons, was hissed and hooted, and finally only pardoned by being obliged to sing the reactionary hymn of *Le Réveil du Peuple*. Trembling with fright, the unlucky comedian was unable to obey. Talma read the piece in his place, and whilst he was so doing Fusil held with quivering hand a candle to light the manuscript from which his comrade was reading. Dugazon met with an equally unfavourable reception. He was to play the valet in *Les Fausses Confidences*. When his master says to him, "We have no more need of you and of your rascally race," the speech was greeted with tremendous applause. The actor resolved to defy the audience, tore off his wig, and threw it into the pit. On this some of the spectators scaled the stage; and no doubt the ex-Terrorist would have fared badly at their hands had not a stage-carpenter helped him to escape through a trap. Talma, notwithstanding his immense talent and popularity, after the Reign of Terror also met with great difficulty in recovering his position, and only did so by coming on one occasion to the front and denouncing the horrors of the past three years in the strongest terms. Trial, too, who had mixed himself up in the massacres and other amenities of the Revolutionary party, on his return to the stage had to go down on his knees and ask pardon, and promise never to appear again before a Parisian audience. The next day he committed suicide. Almost equally well deserved was the fate of Lays. He likewise had rendered himself conspicuous during the Reign of Terror. On reappearing, after that period was well over, in the part of Orestes, in *Iphigénie*, he was obliged literally to run off the stage and hide himself in a doorway; for he was followed by a howling multitude, crying out "À la rivière; à la rivière l'assassin!" Lays died a beggar. Under the Directory Paris gave herself up to amusement of all kinds. The reaction had set in, and everybody was for doing their best to forget the scenes of horror through which they had passed. This was naturally a golden era for the French stage; and when Napoleon came to the throne he made a point of patronizing the theatre and endeavouring to raise it to the highest possible dignity.

THE REDUCTION OF THE BANK-RATE.

THE Directors of the Bank of England are reducing their rate of discount with commendable caution. Last week they lowered it from 4 per cent. to only 3½ per cent., and on Thursday they put it down to 3 per cent. At this, of course, the joint-stock and private banks, the discount-houses, and the bill-brokers are grumbling. They urge that trade has suffered from the stringency of the autumn and winter, and that everything possible ought to be done now to give it relief, that there is no occasion for artificially attempting to keep up the value of money, and that, as a matter of fact, the Bank of England cannot succeed in doing so. It has now lost control of the outside market. It cannot recover control whatever it may do; and, therefore, in keeping up its rate unnecessarily, it is only doing harm. There is a certain amount of truth in this argument; but it is not all truth, and particularly it is not the whole truth. The Bank of England cannot at present recover control of the outside market, but it can, nevertheless, retard the fall in rates. The joint-stock and private banks are in the habit of fixing the rates they allow upon deposits 1½ per cent. below the Bank of England rate. They cannot allow the rate of discount to fall lower than that without incurring loss upon their deposits. Therefore indirectly the action of the Bank of England has an influence upon the value of money in the outside market. And, notwithstanding what the other banks, the bill-brokers, and the discount-houses say, there is very strong reason indeed for desiring to keep up the value of money as much as possible. In the first place, there is likely to be during the next five or six weeks a very considerable outflow of coin and notes to the provinces, to Scotland, and Ireland. While the Bank of England rate was at 6 per cent. an exceptionally large amount of gold was attracted from the internal circulation to London. Unless trade is to be greatly restricted, there must, in consequence, be a proportionately large outflow now. Prices are higher than they have been at this season for several years past, wages are decidedly higher, and the volume of business being done is exceptionally large. More coin and notes, therefore, than usual are required unless trade is to suffer. But the coin and notes

can be obtained only from the Bank of England, and, therefore, a large outflow will of itself decrease considerably the reserve of the Bank of England. More serious, however, is the danger of exports of gold on an extraordinary scale to different countries. Already exports to Paris have begun, and it is feared that they may continue on a very considerable scale. As the Bank of France holds over 50 millions sterling in gold, it seems at first sight extremely unlikely that it will add largely to its stock; but it would be unsafe to act upon that view. The French banks with offices in London have for many months past been employing large sums of money in London because rates here were much higher than in Paris. But now the value of money is higher in Paris than in London, and the banks, therefore, are beginning to withdraw from London some of the funds they have been employing here. Besides, it is known that the French Government is about to fund a considerable part of its floating debt, and the French banks may desire to have considerable amounts ready to subscribe to the new loan; and other financial operations are likewise anticipated. Above all that, it is to be recollected that since the conversion of the Russian Debt the greater part of that debt is held in France. In France, therefore, by far the larger part of the interest has to be paid. It is understood that the Russian Government has standing to its credit in London four or five millions sterling, and it is possible that it may wish to transfer part at least of the sum to Paris for the purpose of paying the interest upon its debt. It may be, of course, that it has sufficient funds in Paris, and that it will not need, therefore, to do so. But it may also be that it will have to do so, and if it were to transfer a couple of millions from the Bank of England to Paris, the reserve of that institution would be so much reduced that it might, perhaps, have to raise its rate of discount once more. The lower the value of money falls in London the less, of course, is the inducement to any foreign Government to keep funds here, and the more likely, therefore, is it that the Russian Government will transfer part at least of its deposits from London to Paris.

But the danger of gold exports to the Argentine Republic is far greater. This week the premium on gold at Buenos Ayres has been as high as 212 per cent.—that is to say, 312 paper dollars have been worth no more than 100 dollars in gold. That can have but one meaning, that the forced paper currency has become so discredited that people generally are refusing to accept it, and insisting upon dealing only on a gold basis. If that were to go on the financial difficulties might have grave political consequences, and it is evident, therefore, that the Argentine Government has the strongest possible inducement for doing everything it can to bring down the premium on gold. The Government of the province of Buenos Ayres, indeed, finds itself in such a position that it has had to sell the Western Railway of Buenos Ayres to a European syndicate, the price being somewhat over 8 millions sterling. The syndicate, of course, takes over all the liabilities of the railway; but it is said that when all these are provided for there will be a balance of about 3 millions sterling payable by the syndicate to the provincial Government. To reassure the London market the syndicate declares that the money will be kept in London, to make payments here due from the provincial Government, but it would be rash to count too confidently upon the promise being kept. It is at least possible that the difficulties of the provincial Government may be such that it must have some gold, and even if it were to take only a million, that would very materially reduce the reserve of the Bank of England. The other provincial Governments and the municipalities are even more embarrassed than the Government of Buenos Ayres. And if they have any property to sell which European syndicates are willing to buy they may be compelled to dispose of it, and may, therefore, take gold. Above all, the necessities of the Argentine Government itself have to be met in some way, or there will be such a crisis as will gravely affect numerous and influential classes all over Europe. The lower the rates of interest and discount fall in London the more likely is it that European syndicates will come to the assistance of the various Argentine Governments. As long as there was stringency here, and danger, therefore, that gold withdrawals might create alarm, the syndicates refrained from purchasing railways or doing anything else that would disturb the money market; but now that the rate of discount in the open market has fallen to about 1½ per cent., and that money is being lent from day to day at 1 per cent., the syndicates will naturally argue that a considerable amount of gold may be withdrawn without alarming the market or disturbing trade, and if they proceed to act upon the assumption, they will so materially reduce the reserve of the Bank of England that that institution may have to take measures in self-defence. As already stated, there must be during the next few weeks a large outflow of coin and notes from the Bank of England. If at the same time considerable exports of gold take place to France and South America, the consequences can hardly fail to be serious. People will begin to fear that the stringency of the autumn will immediately return, and alarm will be the result. We have seen already how stringency checked trade during the past few months. If monetary alarm is revived soon the check may be still greater and more lasting.

The Argentine demand is the most probable, and the most formidable; but others are, to say the least, possible. At the present time, the reserves of the New York Associated Banks are barely over the minimum required by law. If they fall very little more, the banks may have to strengthen themselves by

importing gold from Europe. No doubt the silver legislation, which now seems to be certain, does not encourage capitalists to send gold to the United States at present; but, for all that, it is possible that it may be exported. Then, again, it is to be recollected that the difficulties on the Berlin Bourse, though postponed, still exist; and it is reasonable to assume that the German banks will take advantage of every opportunity to strengthen themselves against contingencies. Over and above all this, we are sure to have miscellaneous demands for gold such as arise every year. The circumstances being so, it is clearly wise on the part of the Directors of the Bank of England to do nothing that would be likely to weaken their reserve. And yet the other banks, the discount-houses, and the bill-brokers act as if no danger was to be looked for in any direction. This week they have been lending money at 1 per cent., and bills have been discounted at 1½ per cent., and even less. It is not that they are ignorant of the real condition both of our own and of the other principal markets. It is not, either, that they are over-confident. Each one throws the blame upon his neighbour. The competition between them is so keen that each is afraid of losing business, and, therefore, he does what he knows to be risky rather than allow a rival a possible advantage. By so acting they increase the danger. The lower rates fall in London, the more likely does it become that gold will be exported. Usually gold is sent to whatever place it can be employed most profitably, and when rates are lower in London than abroad, gold, therefore, is likely to go abroad. But unfortunately, as we have been showing, the stock of gold held is not sufficient for the demands that possibly may arise. The Bank of England holds the ultimate banking reserve of the whole country, and the Bank of England reserve, though it may be sufficient for the home requirements, is certainly not sufficient to meet all the demands that may come upon it from abroad. The probability, therefore, appears to be that, before many weeks are over, there will be a sharp rise of rates in London, and it is at least possible that the Bank of England may again have to raise its rate. It is strange that the great joint-stock banks do not see the unwisdom of their present policy. The smaller banks are struggling for business, and may perhaps be excused; but the great banks could follow a judicious course if they would. If they were to follow the example of the Bank of England and refuse either to lend or discount at rates which are unduly low and inevitably tend to make money exceptionally dear by-and-bye, they could arrest the fall in rates, and thereby could prevent gold exports. They are too jealous, however, of one another to meet together and agree upon joint action, and no one of them has courage enough to refuse unprofitable business and take a course which, though it might cause some falling off in their dealings for the moment, in the long run would be the safest and the most remunerative. An arrangement between the great banks may savour of trade combination; but in reality it would be most beneficial to the public at large, for, whatever leads to considerable gold shipments forces up rates of interest and discount by-and-bye, and the public have to bear the higher cost they are charged for accommodation given them.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.

NO amount of ingenuity could make a good play out of Mark Twain's story of *The Prince and the Pauper*. We are asked to travel at the same time in the region of reality and of the wildest imagination; and this is quite impossible. Familiar personages are found doing the most preposterous things, things which we know they never did and never could have done. One moment we see Henry VIII.—a remarkable likeness of the King—storming at his courtiers, as no doubt he did storm, threatening them as he was accustomed to threaten; and the next we find him fondling a waif of the streets, whom he mistakes for his own son Edward, Prince of Wales. We are fully aware, in the first place, that such a mistake never was made; and, in the second place, that it never could have been. If the King were a monarch in a fairy tale, and all his surroundings creatures from his realms, the position would be different; but Mr. Clemens made the mistake of taking a veritable king of England to work out his extravagant legend, and the mistake becomes infinitely more apparent on the stage than it was in the book. If we were in fairyland, we should not be concerned with possibilities, but they cannot be ignored in an ante-chamber of Westminster Palace. Nor do we find the legend an interesting one. The play is sad without being sympathetic. Every one in it is unhappy, and yet there is no one for whom we care. So foolish a trick as that played by the Prince in changing his coat with the Pauper deserved to be punished with the beating he received. Could there have been so foolish a Prince it would have been well for him to be taught wisdom roughly. As for Tom Canty, his character strikes us as inconsistent. He is represented as devoted to his mother, and we hear him at Westminster protesting earnestly that he is not the Prince of Wales—a protest which is explained away by the suggestion that he must be mad; but having so left him, we find him soon afterwards mounted on a white charger, and his first act is to deny his mother—an episode which has not the merit of novelty, for thus Jean denies Fidès in Meyerbeer's opera. She is

a foolish mother, too, for she does not know her own son, having just been trying to make up her mind whether the Prince of Wales is or is not Tom Canty. She should have known Tom even better than the King should have known Prince Edward, and as the apparent madness of Tom in declaring that he is not the Prince has been emphasized in the previous act, no sort of explanation is offered to account for the mother's incredible denseness. John Canty, again, is too revolting a figure for the stage, and, rough as the times were, it is not to be conceived that a cruel murderer would revel in the recollection of his crime, as Canty does in dwelling on the details of how he killed Father Andrew, nor that a body of men, rough as were his companions, would, with one voice, applaud him for the deed.

A little interest is, perhaps, aroused to see what will happen to Tom Canty after his transformation—a transformation, by the way, far too easily effected, for it is only the exchange of one single garment, the doublet, that makes Prince into Pauper and Pauper into Prince, the hose and shoes of both boys, the waif of the streets and the King's son, being undistinguishable, as we are given to understand. We cannot pretend to be really interested in a story so palpably absurd, and, moreover, confusion arises from the doubling of the two characters; if the play be intended for children, many of them will fail to understand when Tom is himself and when he is Prince of Wales. Doubts are cast on Miss Vera Beringer's intelligence, well as she has learnt her lesson, by the fact that when the exchange was made, she went on with her lines quite apart from her business, and spoke of the difficulty of fastening the buttons before she had tried to button the first of them. The excursion into farce is a blunder—the false Prince affects to believe that etiquette forbids him to scratch his nose when it itches, and he grimaces while making inquiries for the functionary who, he supposes, is appointed to perform such ceremonies. Before this episode, Lord Hertford, played with gravity by Mr. Gurney, has had some weight, but his solemn reply to the Prince's quasi-comic inquiries about the nose-scratcher reduces him to the level of the puppets. Mr. W. H. Vernon very cleverly sustains the part of the King. As regards appearance, he has evidently visited the Tudor Exhibition to good purpose, and well utilized the information to be so plentifully obtained there; but he has also skilfully caught what are believed to have been the characteristics of the irascible old King's manner in his last days. Mr. Macklin plays well as Miles Hendon, and Mr. J. G. Taylor highly colours his impersonation of the utterly brutal John Canty. Miss Annie Irish essays the part of Tom's mother, but it is probably impossible to make her proceedings appear natural. No talent of impersonation could hide the fact that this is a very bad play.

THE WORKING OF THE VOLUNTEER BRIGADE ORGANIZATION.

WHEN the War Office Administration has been attacked for its ignorance, carelessness, or penuriousness in dealing with the Volunteers, it has had of recent years a ready and apparently effective answer. "We have," it cries, waving a paper scheme in front of the uncritical public, "organized them into Brigades." The answer would be equally true if the word "disorganized" had been substituted for "organized." It is, no doubt, a fact that, when the Adjutant-General's Department worked out the Volunteer Brigade scheme, they hoped to be able to carry it through as drafted, or but slightly altered from their detailed plans. But the scheme has shared the fate of many others. It may be that in course of time the Brigade organization can be moulded into a workable form. But meanwhile surely it would be wiser not to talk of a fiasco as if it were a masterpiece of constructive ability.

This condition of things has received a fresh illustration in the recent Easter manoeuvres. As a whole, but little was learnt that could not have been equally well mastered in a couple of Saturday afternoons on Wimbledon Common. Individual battalions were left to wander the country aimlessly, without definite objective. The strategic and tactical ideas were fanciful and manifestly hollow. One battalion, for instance, was quietly doing close-order drill in barracks while it was expected to be taking an essential part in a sham-fight. As usual the Correspondent was ubiquitous and inventive, although not always possessed of even the most elementary technical knowledge. But when all is said and done, it is doubtful if all the expense and trouble which has been lavished on the three-days' marching and counter-marching, entraining, detraining, and billeting are not completely wasted. Three days of healthy exercise by the sea are useful, of course, to every constitution. But, apart from this scarcely adequate result, it would not be easy to name a single branch of their military duties which was seriously practised by the bulk of the Volunteers at Easter. It is no exaggeration to say that the average private was in no way a better soldier on Easter Monday evening than he was on Good Friday morning. Officers, of course, can always learn; and if worst comes to worst, they can take observation of how not to do things. But the privates distinctly suffer when they are treated without seriousness. They cannot discriminate between what is real and what is unreal; they acquire a vague notion that they are being aimlessly pushed about in this or that direction, because some person unknown in a cocked hat has not

taken the necessary steps to ensure that nothing shall be done aimlessly. And so a certain quantity of countermarching, some blank firing, and a march past fill up the time, and the amateur Tommy Atkins returns to his daily toil either deceived into thinking that he has begun to learn how to fight, or, if he has more sense than to think that, with a half-formed notion that Volunteering is not good enough if he is to spend ten shillings of government, and a good deal more of his own, money to be made a fool of.

Now our own view is that the Volunteer movement has outgrown its original system to such an extent that a very sweeping change in the constitution of the force is necessary. It has been suggested, and perhaps not too ill suggested, that each able-bodied man should be obliged to serve as a Volunteer or to pay for those who do. And similarly it has been thought that each Volunteer should be obliged to go through a definite course of military training. But because the number of compulsory drills is at present miserably inadequate, and because in those drills it is next to impossible to put men through a consecutive course, it does not seem to be desirable that what amounts to half that number should be wasted on doing nothing. And yet this is what has been done under the vaunted Brigade organization, at a special charge to the public of two shillings per man per day over and above the annual capitation grant. The equipment difficulty could have been solved long ago by the simple process of drilling the men at home, and purchasing valises and greatcoats with the money which had not been spent in doing nothing by the seashore.

In speaking thus strongly, we wish it to be clearly understood that we think the fault lies rather in the system than in those who have to work under that system. It should surely be a well-understood maxim in Pall Mall that it is worse than useless, and even subversive to discipline, to issue an order when the power and the mechanism are alike lacking for insistence on obedience to that order. Of what value is a brigadier who is at the mercy of every colonel in his command who may have a fad? The brigadier may be burning with enthusiasm, ready to sacrifice his time and his energies, thoroughly acquainted with both the practical and the theoretical side of his profession, may possess every quality which specially fits him for his post, and yet, if his colonels differ from him, the power is theirs, not his. Supposing, for instance, that the brigadier may consider that it would be for the advantage of his brigade that the battalions which compose it should spend the four days at Easter in barracks at some military station, he would first of all communicate with his colonels as to the number of men likely to attend the short course of training from each battalion. Now it is more than likely that, amongst the rather strange assortment of men who command Volunteer battalions, there are some in each brigade who misunderstand their position so far as to attach more importance to their attempts to grasp popularity than to secure efficiency. It is within the power of any such to wreck the brigadier's scheme. They need not meet it with a direct negative; that would savour of insubordination. But they have many methods of obstruction which the brigadier is powerless to overpass. Thus they might say that they could not get their men to come out for that particular scheme, and at the same time take no steps to induce them to come out. Or they might attach great importance to financial difficulties, which they would have found easy to overcome for their own pet idea. In short, the brigadier is placed in an impossible position, and he knows it. Whether he is a regular officer, as in the case of the London brigades, or a Volunteer, as in the case of most of the others, he is, and knows that he is, a mere name. As for his forming any part of an effective organization, it is astounding that the fiction can be maintained, even by the civilian element of the War Office—which is saying much.

The time has certainly come when serious reform is necessary in the Volunteer force and in its administration. It has been the habit of the press and the public to judge it rather as if it consisted of bodies of men all of them up to the standard of the two or three "crack" corps which are familiar to the eyes of Londoners. These corps themselves are in many respects far below their proper standard of efficiency. But, compared with the 4th Volunteer Battalion of the Royal West Kent Regiment, they are physically and morally magnificent. It is well known, and indeed obvious on the face of the returns, that the West Kent Volunteers cook their figures both in musketry and drill. But their brigadier is powerless. It is equally well known, and within the experience of any one who has taken the trouble to find out, that in that same gallant corps circumstances have arisen from time to time in which the officers have not dared to issue orders, as they had no means of legally enforcing them. Again the brigadier is entirely devoid of authority.

The fact must be faced that a very large portion of the rank and file of the Volunteers at the present time belong to the same class as those who join the militia, and they require a method of discipline as strong. And this discipline must pervade all ranks. It is, indeed, of special importance that officers commanding corps should have the fear of superior authority (real authority) before their eyes. How sad a spectacle it is to see men, who ought to give their time and thought to the maintenance and improvement of their battalions or companies, bewailing in the press the fact that their Volunteer commissions do not entitle them to be presented at Court, that they do not wear sashes, that their

buttons, &c., are silver, and other trumperies. But these, and many other observable incidents, are only symptoms of the main central fact that the time for tinkering with the Volunteers has gone by. Under the present system many officers seem to join only for the haberdashery, and then complain in the press of the quality of that. As a whole the force is terribly under-officered, and colonels of the Skittleshire corps have had to go into grocers' and tailors' shops to collect the few officers that they have. Under present circumstances things will simply go from bad to worse. When an administration takes credit to itself for one sham, like the Brigade organization, it sows seed which will grow and sprout into a hundred other minor shams. And thus, while we talk complacently about having two hundred thousand defenders of our country (said by the smooth-tongued visitor of last year who sits on the Prussian throne to be as good as his Landwehr), we are paying no real attention to the necessity of setting our Volunteer house in order.

In writing thus, we have confidence in the good sense of our readers, and in their recollection of our previously expressed views, sufficient to make us feel sure that it is in the interests of the Volunteers themselves (and consequently the nation) that we shall be understood to have been straightforward. Many of the evils to which we have referred are known only to those who have taken the trouble to investigate the internal economy of Skittleshire corps. If the departments concerned at the War Office realize them, they are to blame for not dealing with them seriously. If they do not realize them they might, with advantage, use red tape where it can assist utility, instead of where it can only hinder it. Of this, however, we are sure—that the sooner the real condition of the average artisan battalion is understood, the sooner will there be a real chance of the fine material available being trained to be of value.

EXHIBITIONS.

AT the Continental Gallery, 157 New Bond Street, the collection of pictures this year is quite as attractive as usual. What influence is at work in the selection of these particular examples we know not. No particular school or country is represented; and we are often at a loss, although we take considerable interest in the progress of Continental art, to know what position these painters hold in their respective countries. About the artist of the most ambitious work at the Continental Gallery, Gustav Wertheimer, there is no doubt; he is a very distinguished painter of what passes for history at Vienna; but he is really best known for those compositions of a mysterious or supernatural character of which "The Phantom Ship" (122) is a good example. This is a powerful design. In a stormy sea a ship, a corner of the deck of which is seen in the foreground, is led on to the rocks by the luminous ghost of an enormous galleon, the light of the beacon being taken, by those on board the actual vessel, for the rays of a lantern suspended from the rigging of the phantom. The weak point of this undeniably striking work is its want of intelligibility. The shadowy vessel, we comprehend, conceals the lighthouse from the sailors; but we cannot quite understand either its form or movements, or the character of the obscurity it produces. The same ambitious painter exhibits "On the Scent" (123), a prowling group of a lion and two lionesses, with eyes like golden lamps—a forcible sketch bordering upon caricature. The emptiness of Academic sentiment deprives Professor Julius Kronberg's huge "Queen of Sheba" (53) of that interest which should otherwise be felt in a composition so carefully studied and an execution so learned. The accomplished Swedish master has everything except imagination. Surely, by the way, the ornamentation of his Jerusalem is rather mixed? We have an Egyptian sphinx and Assyrian capitals, Moorish tiles and Greek meander, thrown with a lavish hand into the Palace of Solomon.

The Continental Gallery is rich in Scandinavian landscape. We are not invariably enamoured of the Norwegian art of this class, but the landscapes of Adelsteen Normann never fail to charm us. His "Bodö" (75), a large and broadly-finished view of the Arctic hamlet—in which, by the way, the artist was born—is full of delicate colour and illumination. His "Nerø Fjord" (we venture to correct the amazing spelling of the catalogue) (76) is not less charming. The visitor will note examples of more eminent, but not more skilful, Norwegian landscape-painters in the "On the Seashore" (38) of Prof. Hans Gude, and the various Hardanger views (22, 23) of Hans Dahl. By the Prussian Prof. Robert Assmus is "The Standard Bearer" (8). A Bihavi, of whom we know nothing, has evidently been affected by the school of Jules Breton, in his "After Work" (12), men and women, apparently Poles, seated on the ground at sunset. Bousenrt (in the spelling of whose name we suspect a misprint—for M. Fernand Bousenot?) exhibits a delicious little view of the village of "Serigny" (16), with all the dove-grey and blue tones, and white and orange lights, which make up a French landscape of this species in real life. The well-known Bavarian animal-painter, F. Schmitzberger, whose cats are famous among cat-lovers, sends a full-sized fox (86), sitting up in the act of snapping at a fine wasp. We cannot but desiderate a companion piece, giving the expression of Master Reynard a minute later; it might be called "After the Gulp." M. Tony Robert-Fleury (whose name has been too much for the Catalogue) exhibits a fine

study of nudity, and calls it "La Madeleine" (81). We can do no more than indicate Florian Wisinger's elaborate studies of flowers and insects; the Swiss genre of F. Zücher-Bühler; a very exquisite head (95) by the Polish artist, Semenowsky; a delicate pastel, "The Nut Gatherers" (66), attributed to the late J. F. Millet; "The Washers" (40), by A. Hagborg; and a slightly theatrical "Before the Altar," by Tihamér-Margitay.

At Messrs. Dowdeswells' Gallery may now be seen a small collection of recent work by Mr. Ford Madox Brown, which no lover of art should afford to miss. The position of this painter, who is the most isolated of the independent artists of our time, is very curious. Since Mr. Madox Brown, in 1865, opened that exhibition of his works in Piccadilly which was the forerunner of so many shows of a similar kind, the changes in the fashions of English art have been numerous indeed. But he remains unchanged. The work he is doing to-day for Manchester bears the stamp of the same individuality which produced the "Cordelia and Lear" in 1848 and "The Last of England" in 1852. Then, as now, Mr. Madox Brown (though for a moment drawn by sympathy towards the Pre-Raphaelites), was strangely unaffected by the fashions of the schools of his day. He has his own scheme of colour, his own conventionalities, his own alternate regard for and neglect of nature. He has never consented to exhibit with other men, and he is right, for his standards are not theirs. His large "Kay's Fly-shuttle," for the Town Hall of Manchester, exemplifies all his qualities and his defects. Kay, in danger of murder for his invention, is seen being rolled by his wife and eldest son into a blanket of woollen stuff, while the mob attempt to enter at the window to slay him. A younger boy, sprawling along the loom, peeps round the corner on the left to see what progress the invaders are making; Kay, with white, strained face, pauses to kiss his handsome, auburn-haired wife; two little girls, with countenances strangely foreshortened, are weeping on the right. Parts of this composition, the left-hand side—the crowd, and the boy across the loom—are beautifully painted; the principal group is undeniably grotesque, in spite of its power. Several of Mr. Madox Brown's oil-studies for his large cartoons are here. The "Trial of Wickliff" is exquisite alike in colour and draughtsmanship; "Dalton collecting Pond-Gas" is as beautiful as it is quaint and odd in treatment. But some of the others—especially the playground full of ill-drawn boys, playing games in attitudes physically impossible—point to the limitations in the skill of this great romantic painter, which, to all but his blind votaries, must be as obvious as his illustrious merit in other directions.

THE FROZEN VACUUM BRAKE.

IV.

THE Coroner's jury have now given their verdict on the inquiry into the circumstances of the collision which occurred at Carlisle on the morning of the 4th of March last, and before doing so they had the advantage of hearing the statements of the engine-driver of the train, who appears to have partially recovered from the injuries which he received.

This is a typical case, and one which requires the most serious attention of all who are interested in railway travelling and the safety of passengers. It comes upon us just as in the case of a man being seized with a disease previously unknown to him. On experiencing strange symptoms, and learning from his doctor something of his complaint, he frequently hears for the first time of numerous cases of a similar complaint. So, also, we are startled with the sudden failure of the vacuum brake, in consequence of frost; and then there appear almost innumerable cases, which are already on record, but which have previously, from want of serious results, passed unnoticed, where a brake of this description has failed during frosty weather. We have already cited many such cases; but we have since learned that on the only railway in France which is working with the vacuum brake—the other railways in that country being all worked by air-pressure brakes—a similar accident occurred about the same time. We learn that a train, in entering the Paris station, ran violently into the buffer-stops, in consequence of the vacuum brake having been disabled by frost.

We have now before us the detailed evidence, as published in the local newspapers, given at the Board of Trade inquiry, and also before the coroner at the three sittings of the inquest; and we have seen numerous articles and much correspondence in the technical papers, on the subject of this inquiry. They are of a most searching character, and there can now be no doubt as to the cause of the accident. The locomotive engineer of the Company, Mr. Webb, in a speech to his engine-drivers, on the 24th of March, referred to this collision, which he said was probably due to the action of frost; but he did not appear at the inquiry. The gentleman who represented the London and North-Western Railway Company at the inquiry endeavoured apparently to throw the blame on the engine-driver, and to absolve the brake; whilst the Government Inspector, not seemingly understanding very well the action of the brake and its various peculiarities, expressed himself as "nonplussed." But, fortunately, there were on the jury men of intelligence enough, including one who had had technical experience and had previously been for a considerable time in railway service. These jurors, assisted by a solicitor employed on behalf of the engine-driver, brought out the

truth of the matter, and have left the cause of the accident in no sort of doubt. There were, however, some difficulties which would have misled a less painstaking jury. In the first place, no ice was found in the brake apparatus after the accident; but it came out that no examination for ice was made until seven and a half hours after the collision occurred, and that during that period the engine was standing in a comparatively warm shed at Carlisle, so that any ice which had formed would obviously have been melted. When, however, the examination was at length made, water was still found in the coupling between the engine and tender. In other cases, such as that at Llandudno Junction on the 11th February, 1889, trains have overrun platforms owing to the pipe between the engine and tender being blocked by ice. The driver of the engine at Carlisle himself cites in his evidence a case at Northampton where, with the same engine, he found the same pipe between the engine and tender blocked by ice; whilst many of his comrades have had cases of the same description, of which there are numbers recorded in the Board of Trade Returns.

The suggestion made by Colonel Rich that there was no frost at all between Shap and Carlisle is hardly worth referring to. The engine-driver, when this point was put to him, stated that whatever water happened to be on the tender was frozen during this part of the journey.

The question thus raised in regard to this particular collision has a far wider bearing than as affecting the London and North-Western Railway Company only. The vacuum brake is used on some of the principal lines in England. We have been very much struck by an observation in one of the technical newspapers to the effect that one great advantage which an air-pressure system has over a vacuum system is that the air-pressure system, acting outwardly, tends, in the course of working, to clear out any dirt or obstruction in the pipes and valves, and that it is thus an *automatic cleaner*; whilst in the case of the vacuum brake, on the contrary, dirt, moisture, particles of waste or cloth, and all sorts of miscellaneous objects, are sucked into the pipes, and have frequently been found in them. This has been so well recognized that strainers, such as are used in coffee-pots, have been placed in portions of the brake-pipe, in the endeavour to prevent these objects from finding an entrance. Even the strainers have their disadvantages in time of frost, by causing obstructions which they are intended to prevent. The vacuum system is thus the reverse of a self-cleaner; and may very properly be called a self-choking system. It must also be remembered that, whilst the compression of air gives off heat, the production of vacuum has a refrigerating tendency, and thus ice is more easily formed whatever means for producing the vacuum be employed. An attempt has been made by some Companies using the vacuum brake—notably the Great Western—to prevent moisture leaking back from the ejector into the brake-pipes, by employing pumps to produce the vacuum in place of ejectors; but the Board of Trade Returns unmistakably indicate that this is only a partial remedy, because the cases of freezing of the brake on the Great Western Railway are hardly less numerous than on other lines. The expression "Air-pipe on the engine being choked with ice" during the winter months constantly occurs in the Returns of the Great Western Railway Company.

We come now to the actual verdict of the jury, which is in the following words:—"We find that the deceased, Jeannie Muirhead Lowson, Walter Ford, Mary Huxter, and William Lowles were accidentally killed owing to the train in which they were travelling overshooting the platform and coming into collision with an engine belonging to the Caledonian Railway Company, and that such collision was entirely due to the failure of the brake with which the train was fitted. We acquit the driver of all blame, and are of opinion that he used all available means at his hand to stop the train. We are further of opinion that the London and North-Western Railway Company are incurring great responsibility in using a brake of such an uncertain and unreliable character."

It will be seen from this that the jury acquit the driver of all blame, and are of opinion that he used all available means to stop his train. We cannot but agree with this expression. Nothing is more easy than for a Government Inspector or a jury to accuse an engine-driver of negligence, and the words "gross neglect on the part of the engine-driver" (or other servant) frequently occur in Colonel Rich's reports on accidents. But when it is remembered that these men, running through every sort of weather in winter and summer, are obliged, under penalty of losing their situations, to keep time with their trains on the one hand, whilst they do their utmost to avoid risk on the other hand, it cannot but be felt that they are frequently in the position best known as being placed "between the devil and the deep sea"; and when an engine-driver is placed in charge of a train of this description, timed to run at high rates of speed, he ought at least to be provided with the best-known appliances to enable him to secure his own safety, as well as that of the passengers whose lives and limbs depend upon his incessant vigilance.

We therefore cannot but approve of the further remark of the jury, that "the London and North-Western Railway Company are incurring great responsibility in using a brake of such an uncertain and unreliable character." We have referred in a previous article to the three attempts of the London and North-Western Railway Company to find a brake, and to the great expense to which that Company has been uselessly subjected in the vain attempt. We must now leave the matter in the hands of

the Board of Trade, who will have to decide as to whether a brake which has so failed properly fulfils the conditions which they demand; and whether they will not take advantage of the powers conferred upon them by the Act of last year to compel all the railway Companies of this kingdom to adopt the best and safest form of brake that exists.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday lowered their rate of discount from $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 3 per cent. Some doubt was entertained whether they would do so, as the announcement of the purchase by an English Syndicate of the Western Railway of Buenos Ayres is expected to lead to the export of gold very shortly. But the Directors appear to have come to the conclusion that it was no longer possible to maintain the rate at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., for the outside market had become so exceedingly easy, that they felt themselves powerless to check its downward course. At the fortnightly Stock Exchange settlement, which began on Monday, the banks and discount-houses lent at the rate of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum for the fortnight, and on the following day money could have been obtained on even easier terms. On Tuesday the interest on the Egyptian Preference Debt was paid, and went to swell the supply in the market. Since then loans have been made for a month at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, and for a week at the rate of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. In the discount market the rate for three months bills has fallen to $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Gold continues to be sent into the Bank; during the week ended Wednesday night the amount received was 237,000*l.*, and a considerable amount more is expected from Brazil. Therefore, although French gold coin is being withdrawn from the Bank for Paris, and although exports to South America, New York, and Berlin are not improbable, and though it is certain that there will be a large outflow to the internal circulation by-and-by, discount-houses and bill-brokers are competing so keenly with one another that rates are being driven down as above stated.

There has been a sharp rise in the price of silver this week to 46*s.* 6*d.* per oz. In India the monetary stringency continues unusually late. As a rule, money is scarce and dear from the beginning of December till the end of March. Then it begins to grow plentiful, and rates fall rapidly away; but this week the Bank of Bengal raised its rate from 11 per cent. to 12 per cent., but has again reduced it to 11 per cent., and the Bank of Bombay keeps its rate at 12 per cent. Thus the stringency, both in Bombay and Calcutta, is continuing much longer than usual. One reason, no doubt, is that the exports from India have been very large for a considerable time past, while the imports of cotton piece goods into India are small. The exports, therefore, have to be paid for to an extraordinary extent, partly in silver and partly in India Council bills and telegraphic transfers. Probably, also, the Government is accumulating money in the Presidency treasuries; but the chief cause of the rise in silver is undoubtedly the general expectation now that the United States Congress will pass a bill very largely increasing the purchases of that metal. Committees of the Senate and the House of Representatives are considering the question. The House Committee was at first in favour of what is called free coinage; but, fearing that a Bill of that kind would be vetoed by the President, it has agreed to the Senate Committee's proposal that the quantity to be purchased monthly should be $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions of ounces. There is, however, a difference of opinion between the two Committees as to whether the notes issued by the Treasury in payment for the bullion shall be made redeemable in silver only or in any kind of lawful money of the United States. There seems little doubt that a compromise will be agreed upon. For a long time the Indian banks thought that legislation of the kind recommended by Mr. Windom was impossible. They appear now, however, to have changed their minds, and they are actively buying before the great rise which they think probable. There is also a very strong demand for India Council Bills and Telegraphic Transfers; and a very marked rise has taken place in Rupee Paper, which advanced about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the first three days of the week.

The Stock Exchange settlement this week showed that not only has the reduction in the speculative account open for the rise been carried further, but that a considerable speculation for the fall has begun. The rates of continuation were unusually low, and in several cases stocks were found to be scarce. The encouragement which this gave to operators for the rise has been intensified by several circumstances. The first interview between the French Foreign Minister and the Egyptian Delegates who have come to Paris to negotiate for the conversion of the Preference Debt is believed to have been very satisfactory, and the expectation is now general that France will at last give her assent. It is even reported that the Domain and the Daira loans will also be converted. Further, the Sultan has signed the decree for the conversion of the Turkish Priority Bonds and of certain internal loans. The conversion of the Priority Bonds will effect a saving in interest and sinking fund of about 145,000*l.* per annum, and this sum is to be employed in redeeming the A, B, C and D series of Turkish Bonds. The conversion of the internal debt will give the Turkish Government nearly a million sterling of fresh money, and yet will add nothing to the charge for the debt. It is expected, indeed, that there

will be a small saving of about 30,000*l.* a year, and there is a rumour that this conversion will be followed by the conversion of the Turkish loans secured on the Egyptian Tribute. Consequently Egyptian, Turkish, and Greek Bonds have all been very firm, as likewise have been Ottoman Bank shares, Sir Edgar Vincent, the chief manager of the Ottoman Bank, having taken a leading part in the negotiations for the Turkish Conversion. There has also been a recovery in Italian Renten. The banking and building crisis in Italy is growing acuter every day. The municipality of Rome is practically bankrupt, and the national finances are in a very bad way. In consequence French investors, who heretofore have held the greater part of the Italian Debt, have been selling for months past on an extraordinary scale, and there has also been much French speculation for the fall. Italian investors, too, have been selling largely of late; but it is now reported that a German Syndicate has been formed to float an Italian land bank, and generally to support Italian credit. A still greater influence has been exercised by the purchase of the Western Railway of Buenos Ayres by an English Syndicate for about 8 millions sterling. As soon as this became known, the gold premium at Buenos Ayres began to fall, and went down in a couple of days from 212 per cent. to 165 per cent., and European speculators who had sold Argentine securities largely without holding them eagerly began to buy, in consequence of which there has been a rapid recovery in prices. The transaction, of course, greatly strengthens the position of the Provincial Government of Buenos Ayres, which was the owner of the railway. It is estimated that the price exceeds the liabilities of the Company by about 3 millions sterling. But it is to be recollected that the province of Buenos Ayres is the oldest, the most populous, and richest of the Argentine Republic, and when it has been compelled to sell a property which it highly valued it can well be understood that the other provinces must be in an exceedingly embarrassed state, while the difficulties of private speculators and owners of houses and lands are as great as ever. In short, the chief significance of the purchase of the railway lies in the evidence it affords that the great financial houses of Europe are resolved to do all that is in their power to maintain Argentine credit.

The iron trade has again been dull this week, and prices are all lower. This appears to be due mainly to the disappointment and losses of speculators, for the quantity of business being done continues very large, as is evident from the fact that stocks are still decreasing. In freights there is no recovery, and orders for new shipping are very scarce. The condition of the cotton trade likewise continues unsatisfactory. With these exceptions, however, trade generally is good. It has not the activity that prevailed before Christmas, and there is not the same confident feeling; but the volume of business is exceedingly large, and profits are good. As far as can be judged, the home demand is larger than ever. Even in manufactured iron and cotton the home consumption is of unusual magnitude, but in some directions the foreign demand has fallen off. Neither South America nor South Africa can now raise money as readily as some time ago, and therefore have not the means of purchasing on the same scale. It seems clear, too, that shipbuilding was carried too far last year and the year before, and German prosperity has received a check.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

THE death of that able musician and impresario, Mr. Carl Rosa, which took place twelve months ago, caused at the time considerable misgivings as to what would be the fate of the Opera Company of which he was the founder. Since then provincial reports have spoken well of the successes won by the Company's performances of opera in English in Liverpool, Dublin, and elsewhere, and curiosity was accordingly aroused by the announcement that, after an absence of three years, a short series of performances would be given by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Drury Lane Theatre, beginning on Easter eve. During the fortnight that has elapsed since that date the management has produced seven works, of which five belong to the school of French opera, and two are by British composers—the German element being completely unrepresented. The policy of relying principally upon French works for the chief sources of attraction is one to which, if kept within bounds, no objection can reasonably be made, for there can be no doubt that just at present France is the only country which possesses a school of operatic composers showing any signs of vitality. But, in spite of this, the neglect of German music cannot be defended, even on the lowest grounds. If Mozart's operas are not likely to be pecuniarily successful, except when sung by stars, yet Wagner is now so much in demand that it would have been good policy to have mounted at least one of his earlier works. Similarly, the selection of such an effete composition as Wallace's *Lurline*, which was revived last Saturday, can serve no good purpose, either artistically or financially; for even if the frequenters of the cheapest parts of the house are attracted by Wallace's commonplace ballads, neither musicians nor the great mass of opera-goers who follow their advice will go to hear such a threadbare and *rococo* work. The fact seems to be that during its three years' absence from London, the Carl Rosa Opera Company has had to supply

the wants of audiences who are satisfied—as far as English opera goes—with the old-fashioned school of Balfe and Wallace, and do not understand any works of English composers not written in this vein. This provincialism of taste has not only misled the management, but has also infected the performances, which in one or two instances have been marked by more energy than discretion, both vocal and dramatic. This is especially noticeable in the case of several of the principal singers, who have acquired a disagreeable habit of forcing their voices and exaggerating their acting, which is painfully in contrast with the finish and refinement of the great artists who were heard in Italian and French opera last season at Covent Garden. Defects like these should be remedied at once. It is a pleasanter duty to turn from such shortcomings to some commendable features in the past fortnight's performances. The marked excellence of orchestra and chorus is one of the chief of these. The conductor, Mr. Goossens, though unobtrusive and quiet in his seat, has the power of keeping the accompaniments subdued and in the right place. This was noticeable in Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* (with which the season opened) and in Bizet's *Carmen*, which was given on Monday, the 7th, when the beautiful accompaniments in both operas were well played. On both occasions the principal soprano part was sung by Miss Zélie de Lussan, a young American artist, who made a promising début at the Covent Garden Italian Opera some little time ago, but had not previously been heard in English in London. Both as a singer and an actress her performances were satisfactory. She was supported in both operas by Mr. Barton McGuckin, who is much better as Don José than as Romeo; for the latter part he is neither fitted by appearance nor by voice, while his performance as the former is one of the best representations of Bizet's weak-minded hero that has been seen in London. Very good were Miss Fanny Moody's Arline and Mignon in Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* (on the afternoon of Monday the 7th) and Thomas's *Mignon* (on Thursday the 10th). Her voice has gained in strength since she first appeared three years ago, while the charm of her style and her graceful acting make her a most valuable accession to the Company. In Thomas's opera the part of Filina was sung by Miss Armanda Fabris, a newcomer with a good voice and an intelligent method. She was heard to more advantage the previous Monday as Michaela in *Carmen*, but on both occasions evidently was prevented by indisposition from doing herself full justice. The tenor music in the *Bohemian Girl* and *Mignon* was sung by Mr. Child; both his performances were rough. On Tuesday, the 8th inst., a fairly good representation of *Faust* was given, with Mme. Georgina Burns, MM. Runcio, Abramoff, and Crotty in the principal parts. The same soprano also took the title-role in Wallace's *Lurline* last Saturday, that of Gliya being filled by Miss Grace Digby—a young artist whose voice seems at present hardly strong enough for so large a theatre as Drury Lane—while Mr. Crotty was the Rhineberg, Mr. Emond the Gnome, and Mr. Durward Lely Count Rudolph. The performance was better than the work deserved; it was given in a considerably shortened version, but more than enough remained of Fitzball's absurd and vulgar libretto and Wallace's weak and undramatic music. Mme. Georgina Burns acted and sang with a conviction and gusto which were surprising. The best performance of the evening was Mr. Crotty's Rhineberg. His singing as Escamillo in *Carmen* and Valentine in *Faust* had not been satisfactory; but on this occasion he seemed to have recovered his old excellent qualities.

On Thursday last the English version of Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord* was produced. *Das Carl Rosa sey tott und sey zu leben.*

REVIEWS.

HENRIK IBSEN'S PROSE DRAMAS.*

UNHASTING, unresting, we pursue our task of commenting on Ibsen's plays as Mr. Archer puts them before us. The present volume, indeed, as it happens, completes for our purposes the series of the "social" dramas; for *Rosmersholm* and *The Lady from the Sea*, the latest of that series, were criticized here a few months ago from independent versions. This volume, like the first, contains three plays, *Gengangere* ("Ghosts") is a very inadequate rendering, and if we called it "Revenants" we might be justly accused of being like those Englishmen who speak of an Italian as "Pic de la Mirandole"), *An Enemy of the People*, and *The Wild Duck*. Of these, as in the case of the former triad, one is very far beneath the others. *An Enemy of the People* is nearly as much below the rest of the series as what used to be its companion in English title (the form *An Enemy of Society* has been properly dropped by Mr. Archer, for the Norwegian expressions are different), *The Pillars of Society*. It is said to have been written in a fit of humorous or semi-humorous bravado at the outcry which was raised over *Gengangere*, and it has something of the slightness and ephemeral character which might be expected from such an origin. Dr. Stockmann, the hero, is medical officer of the baths at a Norwegian watering-place. He discovers

* *Henrik Ibsen's Prose Dramas*. Vol. II. *Ghosts, An Enemy of the People, The Wild Duck*. Edited by W. Archer. London: Walter Scott, 1890.

that the said baths are contaminated with sewage matter, and wants to publish the fact, to the horror of his brother the Burgomaster, and all other persons interested. Also he discovers that the only person who supports him, his wife's foster-father, has a grudge against the corporation, in the first place, and is quite ready to buy up depreciated shares, in the second. The by-play is partly provided by Petra, Stockmann's daughter—a "schoolmarm" of the new pestilent sort, with a kind of Nihilism instead of goodness—and by an elaborate report of a town's meeting which has some farce-merit, as has the satire on the newspaper-man Billing. It must always be reckoned in Ibsen's favour that he does not like newspaper-men. But the whole is ruined by the onfishness of Stockmann. A man who, understanding his risks and facing them, dares do his duty is a hero; one who simply ignores them, and is aghast when people behave as they might be expected to behave, is a fool.

The other two plays are very different. We have been told by those who have seen *Gengangere* on the stage that it is not effective—a fact, if it be a fact, which is much more condemnatory of Ibsen's stagecraft than the failure of *A Doll's House*. The plot of *Gengangere* is simple enough, which is certainly not against it, unless we are to conclude that the best stage-plays are *dramas à tiroirs*. Fru Alving (the "Mrs." is very troublesome in these thoroughly unenglish plays) is the widow of a debauched man of position, who in his lifetime had misbehaved with her own servant, and whose misconduct would have driven her to console herself with a certain Pastor Manders, but that the Pastor is a Joseph. She has brought up her son Oswald in the belief that his father was a departed saint, is founding an extensive orphanage in Captain Alving's memory, and has even given house-room to Regina Engstrand, daughter of the peccant servant, and (as she more than suspects) of her own husband. These are the persons, with the addition of Regina's putative father, a drunken scoundrel of a carpenter. The story (omitting a by-plot in Ibsen's too usual manner, where the carpenter Engstrand plays on Manders's ingenuous folly) turns on the manifestation in Oswald Alving, not merely of his father's tendencies (including a kind of "Ghost" scene with Regina, which recalls to Fru Alving the bitterest memory of her life), but of softening of the brain, on the principle "the fathers have eaten sour grapes." The "analysis" interest includes Fru Alving's repudiation (to the horror of Pastor Manders) of divers doctrines of conventional morality and theodicy. This may not sound promising; and, indeed, the piece is as hopelessly overloaded with *tendenz* as is the *Doll's House*. Moreover, as we have hinted, the morality is old as far as it is true, and false as far as it is new. Oswald, in his *abrutissement*, and Manders, in his goody-goody senility, are studies of different kinds of idiocy, the former, at any rate, purely pathological, and fitter for the hospital than the stage. Fru Alving's lot is, no doubt, hard; but, then, it is not exactly news that there are hard lots in the world; and Jacob Engstrand is a loathsome and not interesting rascal. Such salvation as there is in the piece lies in the passion of a certain kind, which the author has known how to impart to Fru Alving, and in the character of Regina. One of the things which astonish us most is that the shriekers about women's rights and "womanhood" should have adopted Ibsen. A less flattering delineator of feminine character, Gratien du Pont himself, if he could rise from his three hundred years old grave, could not wish for. The women in *The League of Youth* are nobodies; those in *The Pillars of Society* either fools or termagants; Nora, in the *Doll's House*, a conceited minx, with no heart, and a vanity inflated like the liver of a Strasburg goose. Of Gina, in *The Wild Duck*, we shall speak presently. Rebecca, in *Rosmersholm*, is first a schemer, and then a lunatic; the "Lady from the Sea" is a lunatic throughout, while her stepdaughter is a heartless egotist. Fru Alving has, indeed, some nobility of character; but like Clarissa, "there is always something she prefers to the truth," and her action is as practically unwise as it is far-fetched. On Regina Engstrand the author seems to have exerted all his force, and has so far succeeded as to create one of the most lifelike and consistent of all his figures. Regina is what may be called (though we leave her technically "pure") the typical prostitute. She is as self-centred as Nora, but destitute of the veneer of sensibility which has endeared that young person to some folk, and destitute likewise even of Nora's shadow of excuse. She is determined from the first to sell herself for a consideration, and to cry off if the consideration is not large enough, and she is as free from affection of any kind as Congreve's Vainlove himself. If we were women (which what the late Mr. Mill calls an accident has rendered impossible), we think we should tear Ibsen into small pieces for this portrait. As it is, we very generously observe that, though there is undoubted truth in it, it is so rarely quite true that we do not think it within the dramatist's province.

The Wild Duck is more interesting still. It has always been something of a puzzle to the Ibsenites. "Depressing," says one with a sigh. "Sadly pessimist," says another with a shrug. "Probably written in reaction from the defiance of *An Enemy of the People*?" hazards a third, hopefully but doubtfully. "Gloomy; very gloomy," says a fourth with a shake of the head. For our own parts, we confess that about the third or fourth act our lungs began to crow like chanticleer. We have before remarked that Ibsen sometimes seems to be laughing at the Ibsenites; and the climax of this laugh is reached in *The Wild Duck*. The hero is a man quite after the Ibsenite heart. Gregers Werle has nothing

to do with the best champagne in the world, but is the son of a wealthy manufacturer whose treatment of his wife and Gregers's mother the son has not approved. He returns from long self-imposed exile at his father's mountain works to find that the said father is likely to marry his housekeeper, and (which is worse) that a school friend of his own, Hjalmar Ekdal, has been married to a girl whom he soon recognizes for a cast-off mistress of his father's. Hjalmar, under the guise of "artistic temperament," is a worthless *fainéant* who lets his wife and little daughter keep him and his old father. This latter, a half-crazy ex-lieutenant, has been in prison for some malversation of a royal forest in which it is more than suspected that Werle had a hand. The merchant, to do him justice, does good turns to old Ekdal, and is not represented in the play itself as a very maleficent person. His son, however, on the newest new doctrines, determines that Hjalmar must not remain in ignorance of his wife's character, and is confident that, after the enlightenment, a "new union" of the most promising character will be formed, exactly on *Doll's House* and *Lady from the Sea* principles. The results are disastrously different. Hjalmar indulges in Byronic rages, but has not the slightest intention of either quitting or going through a grand reconciliation with the wife who maintains him *dans du coton*. And the only positive result is that the poor little daughter, Hedvig, whom her father, to play his part fully, casts theatrically from him, slays herself with a pistol wherewith Hjalmar and his half-cracked and drunken old father have been wont to shoot the birds and rabbits kept in a garret. Among the birds is a "wild duck," which gives the title of the piece, and out of which some fair, though rather fantastic, stage business is got. The part of chorus is occupied by an infidel and loose-living Dr. Relling, who has sense enough to see that Gregers is simply trying to play anti-Providence.

There are two very noteworthy things in this play—the open and obvious satire on the very doctrines which the Ibsenites most admire, and the character of Gina Ekdal. The former has been indicated already, and will be better returned to in a final article, which, as we have already noticed by anticipation the main contents of Mr. Archer's third volume, had better be postponed, if it may be, till his last appears. The character of Gina, however, needs a few words. It is a kind of half complement, half contrast to that of the cold-hearted and similarly named soubrette in *Gengangere*. Gina has, as her French analogues would say, *fauté*; but she is the most devoted and affectionate of wives and mothers. In her is exemplified the fact (for it is a fact, though we do not know that any one but Ibsen has drawn upon it in literature) that women, when they do not take "faults" of this kind religiously to heart, think really much less of them—regard the actual fact as a fact of considerably less importance—than even men of far looser life and principles. Gina would be glad that Werle had not, as she calls it, "had his way"; she has no hankering after him; she admits that she ought to have told her husband; nothing probably in the world would induce her to repeat the fault now she is married. But she does not exactly understand why any particular fuss should be made about it, and there is a similar bluntness about her other perceptions. By a trait which is a curious coincidence with, if it is not, as it might well be, borrowed from a very different person, Lucia Vavasour, in Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*, Gina's chief alarm, when her husband has rushed out at night after the fatal news (apparently to bewail his woes to the stars, in fact to get drunk under the reprobate but really fostering care of Relling), is "if only he has not caught cold"! She is as loyal as the sun ("when I give a promise I keep it"), affectionate, indefatigable, forgiving. But she has no fine feelings whatever. Take her with the other Regina, with Nora, and with the rest, and you apparently have Ibsen saying, "Here you are, ladies! you are either heartless or you are coarse; you are generally immoral, whichever you are; and except a few of you (who are mere cranks, like my Ellida), you have got as little delicacy as any man." A case of Orpheus again, surely!

We need only further remark for the present that in both these plays the growth of the morbid element is very perceptible. *Gengangere* is as unhealthy as a French naturalist novel, and the fate of the poor child Hedvig in *The Wild Duck* is a distinct advance towards the criminal lunacy depicted in *Rosmersholm*. Be it observed that Mr. Archer, who, like other Ibsenites, is rather unhappy about *The Wild Duck*, recognizes in *Rosmersholm* "a return to the unqualified objectivity of his earlier manner." If we were able to attach the slightest meaning to this doubtless valuable observation, we would criticize it.

NOVELS.*

THE Heriots is a novel with so much variety of scene and character in it that even the usual skimmer of books will find he loses much of its interest unless he thoroughly reads it.

* *The Heriots*. By Sir Henry Stewart Cunningham, K.C.I.E. London: Macmillan & Co.

In Her Earliest Youth. By Tasma. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

The Treasure Tower of Malta. By Virginia W. Johnson. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

Laura Montrose; or, Prejudice and Pride. By Adela May. London: Digby & Long.

The description of the old home belonging to the Heriots, of the Heriots themselves, and of the charming girl, Olivia Hillyard, who is the centre of the romance of the story, though minute in detail, is never wearisome, as such descriptions are too often apt to be. Olivia's first introduction into London society, under Lady Heriot's auspices, her meeting with De Renzi—one of those "favoured few who are born to ride on the toilers' shoulders, to coin pleasure, amusement, distinction out of their obscure labours"—the way in which the cold-hearted man of the world becomes an ardent lover, is all graphically depicted. The old lover, Jack Heriot, cut out for the time being, but never forgotten, who becomes immersed in Radicalism, is an excellent type of the modern young man who supports the people at all costs, and whose "righteous reward" for knocking down a policeman who had hurt a boy for uttering the rebellious sentiment of "Move on be damned!" was an award of a week's imprisonment, accompanied by several caustic observations from the presiding magistrate as to the foolish criminality of young gentlemen who "amuse themselves by attending mob meetings and assist in resisting the police." His fundamental principles of modern government are "that the majority must decide, and that the duty of the modern statesman is to divine their decision and to give effect to it." Olivia's bewilderment over politics is very natural. De Renzi, like Jack, is by way of being a Radical; but, unlike him, is inconsistent, and does not live up (or down) to his opinions; and, when Olivia is told that "Conservatism, like charity, begins at home," that "that man's the best Conservative who takes best care of Number One," she begins to understand that "politics were not quite so simple a business as her ignorance and innocence had supposed." Olivia is made to see many phases of life as well as sides in politics, and her sarcasm and contempt get easily roused when told by De Renzi that "Women move the world; they smooth irritation, they allay suspicion, they conciliate good will, they supply a motive to men who would otherwise be motiveless," she answers, "I see. I understand it all now. We are the light artillery in the battle of life; we rush in where men are afraid to tread. We effect what men are too clumsy to manage; we are the chimney-sweeps whom cruel masters send up into the soot in order not to have to go themselves. What a grand idea of woman's position in the world!" With this sentiment we will leave Olivia's difficulties, trials, and triumphs, and the story of the Heriot family to be followed by the reader.

In *Her Earliest Youth* is a much-spun-out story, with its scene laid in Australia, of the "earliest youth" of a young girl, Pauline Vyner, who, as her mother has died, and her father has sailed away to England, lives with her grandmother, Mme. Delaunay, a Frenchwoman, and an uncle, aged eight, and known as "Chubby." Pauline's devotion to this child-uncle causes the great mistake in her earliest youth. His life is saved by a certain George Drafton, who has hitherto been an unsuccessful wooer of Pauline. Gratitude and admiration for the courage he displays and pity for the injuries he gets in saving the boy induce her to promise to marry him. That they are an utterly incongruous pair is apparent from the very first, and her thoughts when taken to his rough little home at Rubria are not enviable. "How will it end? How will it end? I am eighteen now and terribly healthy. I may have twice the length of years that I have lived already to live over again, and already I feel as if life were hardly worth the having; as if every day would be too long and the time would never pass away." When she awakens to the facts that horses, betting, and drink make up the sum of her husband's life, we are not surprised to find her yielding to the charm of a friendship with a fascinating and refined man of the world who comes to her rescue as a soothing companion at the very moment when she most needs one, and who, before she realizes all it means, has touched her heart. Lucky it is that "Uncle Chubby" again interferes with her fate, and saves her from a life of sin and misery. In *Her Earliest Youth*, though it might with advantage be shortened, is interesting in giving one an insight into some of the rough parts of Australian life, and in describing some of the wild scenery only to be met with in Australia.

The authoress of *The Treasure Tower of Malta* has given us a pretty story, simply and unaffectedly told, of a sailor's love affair in Malta. Flag-Lieutenant Curzon, of Her Majesty's ship *Sparrow*, is a good type of an English sailor with a soft heart and true instincts. He comes across an old miser, a fellow-countryman, whom he finds in a fainting fit, helps him home, and falls in love with the miser's beautiful grand-daughter. He hits upon an ingenious scheme of introducing her into society, bears with equanimity the abuse with which his women friends assail her, and with burning jealousy the admiration his men friends bestow upon her, and finally proves the adage of "Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing." *The Treasure Tower of Malta* is quite worth taking up to help pass pleasantly a leisure evening; it will not excite a tired brain or work a dull one.

Laura Montrose is almost a curious instance of what stuff can be published nowadays. It is not necessary to describe the book in detail, the severest criticism that can be given is to quote one or two of its passages. The hero of the story is Sir Horace Hanswell, "a wealthy baronet descended from an ancient and proud family." He "lacked none of the pride of his predecessors. He was young, handsome, and the idol of the surrounding neighbourhood. Having not long returned from abroad, his society was sought after and courted by every one.

His words, his opinions, and even his suggestions were considered law. He had but to mention a wish, or give an opinion, and the thing was immediately carried out. So that, with all the adulation he received, it is scarcely a wonder that he was proud in his bearing and somewhat condescending in his manners." His approach at a ball to the lucky object of his affections, Laura Montrose, is thus described:—"Sir Horace Hanswell came nearer and nearer; his stately mien and majestic step denoting that he was fully aware of his own importance, and knew he was the observed of all observers." Laura Montrose is the daughter of a gentleman, but all the same her baroneted lover when he proposes to her kindly tells her "that he had long striven against the power of his love, but in vain. And so he was now willing, for the sake of that great love, to break through the barrier of the disparity of rank which at present subsisted [sic] between them." When he was refused, "he was amazed. . . . He, however, hastened to remind her of his title, position, and wealth, and of the society in which, as Lady Hanswell, she could move. In short, he put forward every possible argument in his favour to try and convince her of the folly of refusing him." "But all his arguments were useless. The noble girl refused to sell her truth and self-respect for either wealth, title, or position." Further on in the book the heroine, having changed her mind, throws herself on the ground, and imagining herself to be alone, goes through contortions of awful anguish, and cries aloud. When she grows calmer, she confides her love to the ground in a low moan, which, luckily for her, is overheard by Sir Horace, and all ends happily; and at the marriage ceremony "Sir Horace's firm musical voice, uttering the words 'I will!' was pleasant to hear—it was so full of such earnest fervour; whilst Laura's scarcely audible 'I will!' was listened for with deep attention."

THE BEAGLE, THE CAUCASUS, AND A FUNNY ARTIST.*

ONE of the best and wholesomest of boys, in one of the best and wholesomest books ever written for boys, says to an old friend, an untravelled naturalist, "Do you know, Isaac, you wouldn't believe what curious beasts there are in other countries, and what wonderful people and places!" The Journal kept by Mr. Darwin in his famous voyage in the *Beagle* early in the Thirties, and which Mr. Murray has done good service to the world in republishing, with admirable illustrations taken on the spot by Mr. Pritchett, will reveal to many stay-at-home Isaacs grand facts and glorious "fairly tales of science," which should be a joy to them for ever. The remarks of an expert and a man of genius on the wonders of geology and natural history seen and studied by him in the course of this almost unique expedition are not to be picked out at random and labelled in plain letters for the information of a cursory reader. They do not admit of condensation. The pudding, so to speak, is all plums. You may pick out a thousand of them; but there will be at least as many left behind. The uncanny-looking *Testudo Abingdonii* is only one of a myriad of extraordinary animals; the cellular formation of volcanoes is only one of the geological marvels which would strike us dumb with wonder if the greatness of the Creator of these extant miracles did not open our lips to utter words of homage and adoration. We will do little but quote a few of the great author's remarks on some of the peculiarities of human nature which struck him in the course of his travels. Circumstances change the physical and voluntary actions of human beings more perceptibly than they do the operations of the silent agencies of nature. Mr. Darwin was not one of those shallow scientists for whom men and the doings of men have but a passing interest; if he had been fond of hackneyed quotations, no one of the ex-Premier's "flesh-and-blood" allies, or of M. Comte's Positivists, might more truly have taken to himself for a motto the device of Terence's comedian, *homo sum*, &c. Near the Rio Colorado he came upon the encampment of the famous or notorious Rosas, and thought that never was there seen "a more villainous and banditti-like army." The greater number of the men were "of a mixed breed—negro, Indian, and Spaniard—and men of such origin seldom have a good expression of countenance." Of the redoubted General himself he has many anecdotes. Here is one of them:—

One Sunday the Governor came in great form to pay the estancia a visit, and General Rosas in his hurry walked out to receive him with his knife as usual stuck in his belt, in violation of the law which forbade men to carry arms of any kind on the first day of the week, which was generally devoted to rollicking and debauchery. The steward touched his arm, and reminded him of the law; upon which, turning to the Governor, he said he was extremely sorry, but that he must go into the stocks, and that, till let out, he possessed no power even in his own house. After a little time the steward was persuaded to open the stocks and to let him out; but no sooner was this done than he turned to the steward and said, "You now have broken the laws, so you must take my place in the stocks." Such actions as these delighted the Gauchos, who all possess high notions of their own equality and dignity.

Mr. Darwin is puzzled to account for the genesis of the people

* *Journal of Researches into the Natural History, &c., of the Countries visited by H.M.S. "Beagle."* By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. A new edition. Illustrated by R. T. Pritchett. London: John Murray.

A Trip through the Eastern Caucasus. By the Hon. John Abercromby. Maps and Illustrations. London: Edward Stanford.

An Artist's Tour in North and Central America and the Sandwich Islands. By B. Kroupa. Illustrated by the Author. London: Ward & Downey.

of Tierra del Fuego. He is immensely struck by the barrenness and inhospitality of the land which they have made their home; but, as they do not seemingly decrease in number, he takes an optimistic view of their position, and thinks that they must enjoy a sufficient share of happiness, whatever it may be, to render life worth having." We have undertaken to say nothing about geology or natural history. Otherwise we would gladly quote the curious anecdote told of the strange action of some whales which was witnessed by the author off the east coast of Tierra del Fuego. Of the Patagonians and of their manners at meals we have an instructive and amusing account. Mr. Darwin's description of tropical scenery and of what artists would call "effects" is glowing and almost poetical. He can find no fit language, he says, to express his ideas:—

Epithet after epithet has been found too weak to convey to those who have not visited the intertropical regions the sensation of delight which the mind experiences. I have said that the plants in a hothouse fail to communicate a just idea of the vegetation, yet I must recur to it. The land is one great wild, untidy, luxuriant hothouse, made by nature for herself, but taken possession of by man, who has studded it with gay houses and formal gardens.

The whole passage is almost dithyrambic in its eloquence, but we have not space to quote it in *extenso*.

We cannot close our notice of this peerless book of travels without again expressing our thanks to the publisher for introducing to the present generation a work which delighted their fathers and forefathers, and which must be a precious legacy for people yet to come.

Mr. Abercromby has written a most careful and well-considered handbook for travellers in the Caucasus. As an itinerary it is invaluable; but one may get to the walls of Derbend and inspect the treasures of Kubachi without passing through Corinth, for which every traveller has not taken out letters of route. Mr. Abercromby has some of the best gifts which go to make an even-tempered and adventurous traveller; but there are certain added graces of which he candidly confesses his ignorance. He tells us that he knows absolutely nothing of botany or ornithology; but the traveller in his footsteps will learn from him many facts which all the science in the world could never reveal to him. He will learn that to travel with anything like comfort in the regions traversed by the author will cost him on an average two pounds a day; that four horses may be bought for twenty-four pounds; that he may be easily saddled with a useless "incubus" who professes to be a photographer, yet does not know how to set a plate, and poses for a slayer of men and beasts, without the slightest knowledge of how to use his "shooting-irons." He may still find an old monk who was one hundred and twenty years old when Mr. Abercromby saw him, and who seemed heartily tired of his long monotonous life, and he will find tribes calling themselves Christians, who worship false gods, practise polygamy, and have some of the strangest marriage customs in the world. He will learn a great deal about the grammatical structure of the languages spoken in the Caucasus, and he will be the richer for at least one racy anecdote of seven brothers who were betrayed to death by their sister. The young lady had her reward. The purchasers of her treachery thought that a woman who would betray her brothers would, perhaps, not be over-loyal to any of them who should take her to wife, so they stoned her to death. Mr. Abercromby saw the heap of loose stones which composed her tomb. There are persons probably to whom *A Trip through the Eastern Caucasus* may do good service. By the home-keeping reader it will not, perhaps, be found a specially interesting or unusually attractive book of travels.

Mr. Kroupa, in *An Artist's Tour*, takes life chiefly on the comic side. He occasionally composes his features and tries to look grave, and even to quote solemn and serious poetry. He can at times talk to us in grave accents of some of the wonderful sights he has seen, and make reflections which look almost earnest; but in general he is the very Mark Tapley of globe-trotters. He has always something to be "jolly" about. As far as we can make out, he set off nine years ago for that part of America which he wittily says is called by good geographers California. He tells humorous stories of a man who put out his cigar with an ill-filled pipe. He laughs at himself when a tram-conductor tells him that he ought to have been born an elephant. He chuckles over the strange adventures of a man with a glass eye. He is very merry over a parrot who "knew Tennyson by heart, and could swear like a Barbary Coast pirate." He crows like a chancier over a pun made by a gentleman over the Catskill Mountains and cats killing a mouse. Only in Havana does he seem to have been wholly dull and laughless. He had as good reason for his depression there as he had for his cheerful view of happy Canada. Mr. Kroupa's illustrations are very good and effective. Those of the "Swamp in Panama" and of the "Tropical Swamp Vegetation" are excellent.

A NEW PEERAGE.*

IN this "only Peerage, which is *bona fide* corrected down to the end of the year 1889," Mr. Walford includes baronets

* *The Windsor Peerage for 1890*. Edited by Edward Walford, M.A., Author of "The County Families of the United Kingdom" &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

and knights. Considering that he could have used, and probably did use, the old-established Peerages as the basis of his compilation, we do not quite understand what help he can have derived from "MS. collections." Duly impressed, however, with the announcement of these sources of information, the reader proceeds to the introduction, where he will find a display of learning calculated to impress the soul with reverence. He will read, for example, that English peers are so called because their predecessors were peers of the King, who once "ranked as but *primus inter pares*, the first among his peers or equals." We confess that we were under the impression that the dignity of the Crown differed, not in degree, but in kind, from the dignity of the most exalted of its subjects. Has Mr. Walford ever heard of the saying of a certain Bishop of Winchester—"quod non sunt pares in Anglia sicut in regno Francorum"? He refers to "old English chroniclers" with pleasing vagueness; let him verify the quotation, and when found make a note of; for, in spite of its insolence, there is truth in Bishop Peter's remark. Familiarity with "historical records" enables Mr. Walford to give us a new view of the *Magnam concilium*, in which we should not, unaided by him, have seen a foreshadowing of the Privy Council of our own day. More interesting, however, than such matters as these is it to note his occasional obscurities of language, which might in the case of some writers be interpreted as a cloak for conscious ignorance. We must refuse to believe that he really thinks that County members are called Knights of the Shire because Knights Bannerets have been classed with the *nobiles majores*; there is, however, an inconsequence about the statement which defies criticism. He passes lightly by the dignity pertaining to the different ranks of the peerage and reserves his eloquence for the glories of knighthood. A quotation from Claudian, considerably Englished, will lead the proud City knight to believe that once upon a time the members of his order wore robes and girdles studded with gems, and he will further be gratified by learning that the word "sir" was constantly used by the Greek Emperors. The text of Mr. Walford's book contains a vast deal of matter, which in the Peerages in general use is printed in larger type and in a more convenient form. As to its accuracy we can only say that we picked out about a dozen entries as a sufficient test, and found one surname, by no means unknown in general society or in either of the Services, ridiculously mis-spelt; a man's aunts entered as his sisters; and an earl's brother described as "Lieut. R. A.," though he obtained his captaincy nearly three years ago; while the Bishop of Oxford is said to have resigned his Professorship in 1876 instead of 1884. There is an absence of uniformity of treatment in the entries which is quite inexplicable. Services in the army or navy are given in some cases and not in others, and on one page we find the names of a baronet's sisters, while in the next entry an earl's sisters are left out. As far as regards deaths, the book is certainly corrected up to the end of last year; but in other respects it appears to stand in need of a good deal of correction.

THE CONSTITUTION OF CANADA.*

MR. MUNRO presents his treatise on the constitution of Canada as the first instalment of a detailed examination of the Constitutions of our different Colonies. He confines himself to a purely legal survey of the system of government of the Dominion and of its component parts, without attempting to criticize its working, or to investigate the development of mere local government. One fact, well worthy of consideration at the present juncture, comes very prominently into view on a study of this volume—namely, that the Dominion has been formed on the spontaneous initiative of the once separate Provinces, acting on the conviction that their strength and the furtherance of all their best interests lay in the principle of Union, and not in that of Separatism. The Canadian Constitution is well characterized by Mr. Munro as "a successful effort to solve the problem of uniting distinct States or Provinces under a central Government." A similar, but, as he points out, not an identic problem, had presented itself eighty years before to the framers of the American Constitution. The United States created an entirely new central and supreme Government; in the case of Canada there already existed a supreme Executive, Legislature, and Judiciary, to which the Union had to be adapted. But the Canadian Constitution is no mere servile copy of that of the United States. The House of Lords furnished the type of the Canadian Senate, and the procedure of the British Parliament was generally adopted; while, with regard to those provisions which were modelled on the American system, it was the boast of Sir John Macdonald, when moving the resolution in favour of Union, that the defects which time and experience had shown to exist in the United States Constitution were avoided. The most salient of these defects were the quadrennial election of the President, his independence both of his Ministers and of Congress, and, above all, the conferring of certain specified powers only on the central Government, leaving the balance in the com-

* *The Constitution of Canada*. By J. E. C. Munro. Cambridge University Press. 1889.

ponent States. It will be seen that the reverse of these principles was adopted by the Canadian Dominion.

Mr. Munro elects to work upwards in his survey of the Constitution, dealing with the Province before the Dominion, and with the Legislature before the Executive. Each Province settles for itself whether its Legislature shall consist of one or of two Houses. Ontario, Manitoba, and British Columbia have only one. The legislative powers of a Province have been, as far as possible, specifically defined by Imperial statute. While the Dominion regulates trade and commerce, the powers assigned to a Province include all matters touching property and civil rights and all local works and undertakings. They include, also, the administration of justice, subject to the important proviso that criminal law and procedure, as well as jurisdiction regarding divorce, have been placed under the Dominion, thereby securing uniformity throughout its length and breadth, in happy contrast to the diversity which prevails in these respects in the United States, where what is a criminal offence in one State may be a harmless act in another. The Dominion, as constituted by the British North American Act of 1867, contained only the four Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick; but provision was made for the admission at any subsequent time of the other British territories in North America. They speedily recognized the advantages of union. The first to join was Manitoba; British Columbia followed in 1871, and Prince Edward's Island in 1873, Newfoundland alone, with its dependency of Labrador, remaining a separate colony. The Dominion thus comprises at the present time seven Provinces, besides the vast but sparsely-inhabited North-West Territories. Owing to the differing circumstances of their settlement and origin, these Provinces naturally exhibit considerable variety. Canada, as ceded by France after the conquest in 1760, was governed by a Governor and Council appointed by the Crown until after the war between Great Britain and her colonies; English law prevailed in criminal matters, but property and civil rights were regulated by the customs of the French settlers. One result of the war was a large influx of British subjects, who settled in the upper parts of the Province, and soon demanded a Constitution more in conformity with British ideas. This was given by Pitt's Constitutional Act of 1791; but, unfortunately, it adopted the policy of creating separate French and English interests, instead of endeavouring to get them to coalesce into one body. The province was divided into two, Upper and Lower Canada, the former containing a majority of English and the latter of French inhabitants, a distinction which has ever since prevailed. Nominated Legislative Councils and elected Legislative Assemblies were created for each. Differences in regard to the control of the revenue, aggravated by racial distinctions, soon arose between the Councils and the Assemblies, which culminated in the rebellion of 1837. Lord Durham was sent out to adjust matters, and on his Report an Act was passed in 1840 for uniting the two Provinces and establishing responsible government. Representation in the Legislative Assembly was equally divided between Upper and Lower Canada, though at this time the latter contained the larger population, but it was not till 1856 that an elective element was introduced into the Council. Further powers of self-government were gradually extended to the colony. Immigration into Upper Canada before long gave a large preponderance of population to that province, which thereon demanded a redistribution of the representation. To Nova Scotia belongs the honour of having first suggested the idea of confederation; conferences, held first at Charlotte Town in Prince Edward's Island and afterwards adjourned to Quebec, resulted in the passing by large majorities of an address to the Queen praying for the union of all the Provinces.

Reverting to the constitutional history of the other Provinces, Nova Scotia, which was older as a British colony than Canada itself, had no formal Constitution originally conferred upon it. From 1713 to 1758 ordinances were passed by the Lieutenant-Governor and Council; in the latter year an elective Assembly was first summoned; but the Council continued to exercise both executive and legislative functions till 1838, when separate Councils for these functions were established by Lord Durham. New Brunswick, originally part of Acadia or Nova Scotia, was erected into a separate Province in 1784 with a Governor and Council possessed of executive and legislative powers. A separate Legislative Council was not established until 1832; but even then possessed little power, as the Crown lands held by the Executive sufficed to defray the expenses of Government. A deputation sent to England obtained the vesting of the control of the public revenues in the Assembly, and the responsibility of Ministers to that body was conceded in 1847. The Quebec resolutions for Union were adopted by the Legislatures of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in 1866, so these Provinces became original members of the new Dominion. Immediately after its establishment the Canadian Parliament sought to avail itself of the powers for incorporating the North-West Territory; but there were difficulties in the way owing to the old rights of the Hudson's Bay Company. These were eventually acquired by purchase and surrender, but during the negotiation a temporary Government was appointed which was resisted by Riel and the half-breeds; on the suppression of the rebellion by the Red River Expedition a new Province was carved out of these Territories under the name of Manitoba, with a Constitution similar to that of the other Provinces, and it was admitted as a member of the Dominion

in 1870. British Columbia was little more than a hunting-ground of the Hudson's Bay Company previous to 1856, in which year the discoveries of gold led to its being erected into a Crown colony. Vancouver's Island, which had already been organized for some years as a colony, was incorporated with British Columbia in 1865, and three years later the united colony commenced negotiations for entering into the Dominion. It was formally admitted in 1871. Prince Edward's Island passed through constitutional stages very similar to those of its neighbours on the mainland. Originally called St. John's Island, and, like New Brunswick, a part of Nova Scotia, it had changed hands between France and England several times before finally passing to the British Crown. In 1770 it was made a separate colony, and in 1798 received its present name from Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent, and father of the Queen. It was governed as a Crown colony till 1851, when it secured the concession of responsible government by the expedient of refusing supplies. For six years after the formation of the Dominion Prince Edward's Island held aloof, on the ground that it was separated for many months of the year by an immovable barrier of ice; but at length, in 1873, it joined the federation as a Province thereof, liberal terms being granted as to its debt and revenue. The Canadian Parliament, in 1876, erected into a separate Government the district of Keewatin lying to the north of Manitoba; it is governed by a Lieutenant-Governor and a Council nominated by the Governor-General in Council. The rest of the more habitable portion of the North-West Territories has been divided for convenience into four provisional districts, named Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Athabasca, with representation in the Dominion Parliament for districts attaining a certain population. Thus, with the exception of Newfoundland, the organized Provinces and Territories of the Dominion embrace the whole British portion of the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and up to the Arctic Ocean.

Mr. Munro traces the origin of Canadian constitutional law and custom to its threefold sources—Imperial, Provincial, and Dominion—and then gives a full, if somewhat technical, description of the working of the constitutional machine. Of this a brief survey must suffice. No Provincial Assembly lasts for more than five years, and each must hold at least one Session a year. The members are paid according to their attendance, and, except in British Columbia, must have a property qualification. In all Provinces but Manitoba and Prince Edward's Island the elections are by ballot. No member can sit both in a Provincial Legislature and in the Dominion Parliament. The Lieutenant-Governor of each Province is a Dominion officer appointed by the Governor-General in Council; he governs by the advice of a Ministry, called an Executive Council, selected by him from the party which has a majority in his Assembly. Education is everywhere free and supplied by local taxation. The Governor-General appoints the judges of the Superior, District, and County Courts, while the justices of the peace are appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor of each Province. The Dominion Parliament sits for five years, unless previously dissolved by the Governor-General. Members of the Senate and of the House of Commons are both paid for their attendance. For the Lower House there is a decennial adjustment of representation; the qualification of electors is uniform since 1885, and the elections are held everywhere by ballot on the same day, except in a few of the distant districts. The expenses of returns are borne by the Dominion, and all taverns are closed on the polling-day. The Senators are nominated for life by the Governor-General in certain fixed proportions from the several Provinces. The powers of the Governor-General are conferred by patent; he holds a position neutral to all parties where Imperial interests are not involved; in all other matters he usually acts by the advice of his Ministry, and may assent to, veto, or reserve assent to a Bill for the Queen's pleasure. Nominally he selects his Ministers, who are called Privy Counsellors, but follows the practice of England in selecting a Prime Minister, who nominates his colleagues. On the advice of his Council the Governor-General may dismiss a Lieutenant-Governor for cause assigned, and may also disallow Provincial Acts. In practice geographical claims of Provinces are allowed considerable weight in the composition of the Council, which forms a real Cabinet responsible to the Legislature, and not, as in the United States, independent of it and of each other. The Attorney-General, differing from his English prototype, acts as Minister of Justice and sits in the Cabinet. Appointments in the Civil Service are, with the exception of the Deputy Heads of each Department, who correspond to our permanent Under-Secretaries, made after examination and a probation of six months. The Supreme Court possesses extensive powers, and its processes run throughout the Dominion, while, in order to enforce them, the officers of the Provincial Courts are *ex officio* officers of the Supreme Court. It is not, like that of the United States, above the Legislature, as an appeal lies to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council at home, but in certain cases it has jurisdiction conferred on it by Provincial Acts in controversies between the Dominion and a Province. The Dominion has but a limited power of altering its own Constitution, and none of altering that once granted to any of the Provinces; in these respects England still retains Imperial control. The power of the Canadian House of Commons has followed English precedent in growing at the expense of that of the Senate—another contrast to what has happened in the United States. Mr. Munro is of opinion that the chief danger ahead which threatens the

Canadian Constitution arises from a possible conflict between a Province and the Dominion, when the latter exercises a veto on the ground of general policy. Perhaps a strengthening of the Supreme Court, on the American plan, might afford an issue from this difficulty.

THE REV. J. G. WOOD.*

IN the opening words of his biography of his father, the Rev. Theodore Wood strikes an unfortunate note, and one that is likely to injure the reception of this volume by the more thinking part of his readers. He says:—"It may fairly be claimed for my father that he was the first to popularize natural history, and to render it interesting, and even intelligible, to non-scientific minds." This is a definite challenge, and it is one which the author is constantly repeating, a little uneasy, no doubt, at the boldness of his statement, and hoping to gain confidence by repetition. "All that I claim for my father," he says in the body of the book, "is that he did what no man had attempted to do before him"; and, in another place, "He found zoology a dull and dry study, open to none but the favoured few. . . He left it an open book of world-wide interest." "He had many subsequent imitators, but he himself imitated no one," says Mr. Theodore Wood with rising audacity. The biographer, as he modestly enough tells us, is not himself a man of science. It is a pity that he did not secure a scientific opinion about his proof-sheets. It would have saved him from continually repeating an error from which his father, who well knew his own position, would have recoiled in horror. It would have saved us from being obliged to point out that Mr. J. G. Wood, a versatile writer and a pleasant naturalist, was nothing of what his son fancies that he sees him by the light of filial piety; that he was essentially secondary, and without initiative of any kind; and that, so far from imitating no one, all he wrote, whether about insects or the Sea Serpent, *Nature's Teachings* or *Common Objects of the Sea-Shore*, the construction of an aquarium, or the collection of British moths, was written in following of some more original or more enterprising naturalist. Even as a popularizer, he was neither the first nor in the first rank. The earliest writer to "popularize natural history" was White of Selborne. Two generations later came Waterton, with his admirably romantic studies of tropical animal life. Then, the first systematic popularizer of general natural history was P. H. Gosse, whose *Canadian Naturalist* was published when J. G. Wood was a child, and more than half of whose popular volumes had illustrated the various sections of zoology before Wood had printed a page. To Gosse succeeded a cloud of excellent popular observers, and to claim for Wood, in the most modified form, any species of initiative, is to make a grave historical mistake. He was a clever lecturer and an entertaining retailer of facts and fancies connected with the animal world; but to challenge for him more than this is very unkindly to draw attention to the fact that his originality was a minus quality, and his scientific equipment sadly deficient. This is not the memory which we want to have forced upon us when we open a biography, and we are, therefore, bound to say that Mr. Theodore Wood has done his father no good turn by this dangerous excess of laudation. In other respects, as we are glad to admit, the memoir is sensible and straightforward enough.

Any one who is at all accustomed to the construction of books will applaud the effort which Mr. Theodore Wood has made to build up a shapely narrative out of scanty materials. In the course of his busy life, the Rev. J. G. Wood preserved but few notes of his own career, and kept none but the most businesslike diaries. The consequence is that we pass with extreme rapidity over the early parts of his life, and the book is mostly made up of the record of facts which fell under the cognizance of his surviving family. John George Wood was born on the 21st of July, 1827, in London. He was not unlike other boys; he was a delicate infant, who under special care grew to be a vigorous child. That he was impatient of a long service in church, that he was fond of tickling trout, of stealing apples, and of playing with a pocket magnifying-glass, that he loved animals of all kinds, and that he kept caterpillars in captivity, all these are engaging and touching facts, but not unprecedented in character. That he was particularly addicted to fondling and playing with live snakes is a little more out of the common way, and that he dissected the larvae of "woolly bears" when he was an undergraduate is also of some mild interest. The record of his school and college days, however, presents us with no incidents that foreshadowed any remarkable mental or personal endowments. From Merton College, Oxford, he went as tutor to a school in Wiltshire, and in 1852 he was ordained, by which time he was already an author in a modest way. He became curate of a suburban church in Oxford, and chaplain of the Boatmen's Floating Chapel; and in 1854 he received full orders. In 1859 he married, and in 1862 he migrated to Belvedere, near Woolwich, where he remained for more than fifteen years; in 1878 he removed his home to Norwood for the rest of his life. Such were the vicissitudes of his external career, and it is not surprising that his biographer should find the task of expanding such a life by no means an easy one.

The interest of the career of the Rev. J. G. Wood, so far as that career has any interest to the public at all, centres in his literary activity. It is needless to remind our readers of the names of his most distinguished works, for they are household words. Without initiative, as we have said, without the habit of original research in any definite province, without any great command over style, Mr. Wood possessed the indefinable gift of arresting popular attention. He never wrote over the heads of his audience; he was always cheery, genial, anecdotal; he proffered easy instruction with a liberal hand; and he possessed that secret of popularity which does not come to him who seeks for it. He had a thousand readers where Darwin had but one and Professor Huxley not more than a dozen. His son tells us, and our recollection forbids us to doubt his correctness, that of the naturalist's most effective volumes—*Common Objects of the Country*, for instance, and *Homes without Hands*—edition followed edition with such rapidity that the printers and binders could scarcely keep pace with the demand. Unfortunately, as so often happens, it was occasionally a case of *sic vos non vobis*, as far as profit went. Among all these popular and ephemeral productions the pleasant usefulness of many of which we should not dream of calling in question, the one which has most commended itself to serious readers is the *Natural History*, in three large volumes, copiously illustrated, which many a student of zoology can gratefully recall as having supplied him with his first impressions of the fascinating science. Unless we are mistaken, this compilation began to appear in monthly parts in 1859, and was not brought to a close until 1863. It bore traces in its third volume of haste and fatigue; there were no anecdotes to be told about limpets and sea-anemones, and the author could get up very little enthusiasm about slugs. But the two first volumes, the *Mammals* and the *Birds*, were charming, and formed a veritable storehouse of romance. We recollect a house in which, during those four years, the monthly apparition of a number of Wood's *Natural History* became the central fact of existence, and in which a regular plan of systematic reading had to be adopted to prevent the delicious pages from being sullied with the blood of combatants.

When the subject of this memoir was at the height of his literary popularity, by a very natural transition he took to the profession of a lecturer; and, though no one who ever heard him would commend his delivery, which was ineffective, yet he contrived to render his discourses no less attractive than his books. He gradually accustomed himself more and more to the employment of freehand diagrams, which he prepared, to the great delight of the audience, in the presence of his hearers. In these "sketch-lectures," indeed, he came nearer to inventing a new thing than at any other point in his versatile labours. After a series of experiments, he found that a huge black canvas, stretched in a frame which folded into a case something like a coffin, was the most practical contrivance he could invent, and, after having this sinister object carefully constructed, he took it with him on all his journeyings. "The worst of it was that it looked so dreadfully suggestive of a corpse. Even the railway authorities," says Mr. Theodore Wood, "noticed this, and so striking was the resemblance that, shortly after the mysterious disappearance of the body of the late Lord Crawford, my father was actually stopped upon one occasion by the officials, and compelled to open his great black package before they could be induced to believe that the body of the missing nobleman was not reposing therein." On this black canvas the lecturer drew with coloured chalks whatever objects he wished to bring before the attention of the audience, and he did this both rapidly and accurately. That these lectures took up a great part of Mr. Wood's life, and filled it with the constant bustle of going and coming, is natural enough, and natural too that the complicated system of engagements all over the country should fill a large part of the diary of so busy a man. They have, however, proved a dreadful snare to his biographer, who gives us pages upon pages of a chronicle of his father's lecturing engagements. We print a specimen as an awful warning to future writers of the lives of lecturers. Much has been said lately of what it is that the public wants in a memoir. We believe that we may confidently assert that this is what it does not want:—

Then came the Christmas recess; but on January 3rd the lectures began again with "Life under Water" at Upper Norwood. At Sydenham, on the 8th and 15th, were given "Ant Life" and "Spider Life," for the benefit of various parochial institutions. Then came lectures at Caterham, Streatham (these delivered in the drawing-room of a private house), Romsey, Winchester, and the London Institution; this last on a day of deep snow, when a cab could hardly be procured for love or money, and we were obliged to drive from the Elephant and Castle Station with two horses placed "tandem" wise. After this came the first of the Scotch tours, a lecture at Chester being delivered on the way, and succeeded by others at Stirling, Edinburgh (2), Falkirk, Dumbarton, Dumfries, Dunse, Kircudbright, Dollar, and Helensburgh. . . . Then followed engagements at Manchester, Stafford, Weymouth (2), Worcester, Harborne, Cardiff, Malvern, Norwood (5), and Yarnet Hall, near Stafford (3); and the season closed with "Insect Transformations" at Marlborough College on June 4th.

We must not close our review of the book without paying a deserved tribute of admiration to the tact and good feeling with which Mr. Theodore Wood has approached the difficult and somewhat thankless task assigned to him. It is not his fault if there is sometimes very little to be told, after his death, of a man who had much to say during his lifetime.

* The Rev. J. G. Wood; his Life and Work. By the Rev. Theodore Wood. With a Portrait. London: Cassell & Company, Limited.

ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLES.*

IN spite of the interest which every reader of English history must take in it, there are few languages less often studied among us than that which we generally call Anglo-Saxon. After all, it is only English with a grammar. It may plausibly be maintained that our modern language has no grammar, but there is no doubt about the existence of a grammar, and by no means an easy grammar, of the older English. We have discarded more than half the inflexions, and do not even write them, otherwise the two dialects bear much the same relation to each other as colloquial and literary Arabic. In the Koran, and even in ordinary modern books, we have the nunations and those changes of vowels which puzzle so severely the Western student. The modern peasant uses only the bare roots, with a few suffixes, and a couple of tenses of the verbs. In English, likewise, we still speak the language of the writers of the Chronicle; but, unlike the Germans, we have discovered that we can make our meaning plain without a superfluity of genders and cases, and, unlike the Arabs, we do not even write forms we have ceased to use in common speech. There has, in fact, sprung up in our minds not only a repugnance to the Older English, but an utter oblivion of its use in explaining modern phraseology. Examples of hopeless guessing, when a reference to Bosworth or Kemble would solve all difficulties in a moment, are to be seen in our ordinary topographical books. We have only to refer to such names as Plaistow, Romford, Ludgate, Cripplegate, Kensington, Kennington, and Shene within the Home district, about each and all of which the wildest guesses have been made; while the real meaning is perfectly plain to any one who would take the trouble to look at an Anglo-Saxon vocabulary. If Mr. Davis's modest volume encourages any reader to master the slight preliminary difficulties that may lurk in the study, he will have deserved our hearty thanks; for it is high time that all Englishmen should be able to read the ancient records of their race, all the more because no other modern European nation can boast of a similar record in the vernacular. True, the Chronicle, as we have it now, is not altogether a contemporary document. The early portion is evidently derived from something still earlier—perhaps, as Mr. Davis suggests, a Northumbrian compilation. As a detailed narrative, the Chronicle only begins with Alfred, who is said to have had a copy kept in a public place at Winchester fastened by a chain, so that all who wished might read it. "As to the name," says Mr. Davis, "of the compiler in Alfred's reign we are left to conjecture, nor have we any sure evidence when we come to the later periods." As there are at least seven ancient copies in existence, and as these seven are more or less in agreement, and generally in very close agreement, one with the other, we can have no doubt of the authenticity of the book.

The Winchester copy, although it is not that which actually belonged to King Alfred, is in many respects the most interesting. It once belonged to Archbishop Parker, and is now in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The first part of the manuscript, extending to the year 891, is in the same handwriting; so that here we have an English history which ends with an entry made a thousand years ago. "The regular notices," says Mr. Davis, "of the Bishops of Wessex from 634 to 754, and the full and remarkable narrative of Alfred's wars with the Danes, imply that the work was compiled at Winchester." The Canterbury copy, which is in the British Museum, "extends to the year 977; the handwriting, of the tenth or eleventh century, is the same throughout." These are the two oldest copies; but a fragment in the Cottonian Library in the British Museum, almost destroyed by fire in 1731, is esteemed to have been one of the best authorities, and fortunately was printed and edited very carefully by Wheloc before the fire. The extracts printed by Mr. Davis are, however, chiefly taken from the Cambridge manuscript mentioned above, and from the well-known "Mede-hampstead," or Peterborough Chronicle, the same which was employed for Bohn's useful translation, and which is now in the Bodleian. It is, in many places, fuller than any other, and is in the same handwriting down to 1121. It was, perhaps, "intended to replace a copy destroyed by a fire in the Abbey in 1116." Mr. Davis begins with the great fight at Kemsford in 800, where the Wilsetas won, and his second entry is as follows, under the year 802:—

Her aþeostre ðe mona on dagunge on xiii Kalendas Januarii, and Beornmod was gehalgod to bisceop to Roðecæstre.

Mr. Davis's excellent glossary enables the most ignorant reader to gather in a moment that the moon was eclipsed at daybreak on the thirteenth of the Kalends of January, and that Beornmod was consecrated bishop of Rochester. We miss any mention of the monumental edition of the Chronicle issued in the Rolls Series.

GIFFEN ON THE GROWTH OF CAPITAL.†

IN this volume Mr. Giffen makes a very valuable contribution to a branch of economic and political knowledge which has hitherto been too much neglected, and yet the importance of

which cannot easily be exaggerated. It is an attempt to estimate the growth of wealth in the United Kingdom since the beginning of the century, and in England alone during the past three centuries, and to show, for the purpose of comparison, what is the estimated wealth at the present time of certain foreign countries. Mr. Giffen is careful to point out that, in such a matter, accuracy cannot be attained, and is not pretended to. All that is aimed at is a rough approximation to the truth. But, though the approximation is rough, it is yet useful for many purposes; especially is it so if we wish to compare the condition of the country now and at some former period, or if we wish, to take an example, to compare the burden of taxation at home and in some foreign country. In the latter instance, the mere amount of taxation, or even the average per head of the population, tells us little or nothing. What we want is some idea of the resources of the two countries, so that we may see whether the drain upon those resources is greater or less in this or that particular State. But while the approximation does not pretend to be more than very rough, it must yet be borne in mind that there are official data which carry us a long way. The Income-tax Returns give us the incomes of the classes that pay that tax for a great many years past. There may be a question respecting these incomes as to the number of years at which they ought to be capitalized. But there seems to us little ground for valid criticism of Mr. Giffen's decision. In any event, the incomes exist, and have a capital value. No doubt incomes not touched by the Income-tax are more or less conjectural; yet there are materials to guide an expert in estimating even these better than may be supposed by persons who have not given much attention to the subject. Referring our readers to the volume itself for an explanation of the method employed and the details worked out, we proceed to state the broad conclusions arrived at, and to offer some remarks illustrative of what they teach us.

In 1885 the estimate is that the total accumulated wealth of the United Kingdom amounted to a little over 10,000 millions, which is an increase of 1,489 millions since 1875, or 17½ per cent. In the ten years immediately preceding 1875 Mr. Giffen estimates that the growth was at the rate of 40 per cent. There seems, therefore, at first sight a great falling off in the rate of accumulation in the latter decade; but in reality the decline is merely in prices. Prices were about 15 per cent. lower in the ten years ended with 1885 than in the ten years ended with 1875, and, therefore, in the latter period the wealth of the country expressed in money was less by about 15 per cent. than it would be if prices had remained as in the former ten years. In other words, the actual accumulation of wealth—that is, of useful things—has been nearly as rapid in the latter ten years as in the former, notwithstanding the complaints of bad trade and agricultural depression. Of the total wealth of the United Kingdom at present Mr. Giffen estimates that about 86 per cent. belongs to England and Wales, a little under 10 per cent. to Scotland, and a little over 4 per cent. to Ireland. Assuming this to be even a rough approximation to the truth, it will be seen how enormous is the preponderance of England, not only over Scotland and Ireland, taken separately, but over both Scotland and Ireland taken together. They have only 14 per cent. of the wealth of the United Kingdom, compared with 86 per cent. belonging to her. And the preponderance has been growing all through the present century. Mr. Giffen summarizes an estimate for 1812 made by Mr. Colquhoun, apparently an officer of the Board of Trade. According to him the accumulated wealth of England just before the close of the great war was, in round figures, 1,847 millions, that of Scotland 281 millions, and that of Ireland 563 millions. According to this Ireland, three years before Waterloo, was twice as rich as Scotland, and Ireland and Scotland together had nearly half as much wealth as England and Wales. But now, if Mr. Giffen be right, Scotland is more than twice as rich as Ireland, and England is about six times as rich as both together. Thus the century has completely changed the proportionate importance of the three countries forming the United Kingdom. And when the relative growth of population is likewise taken into account, it will be seen that the preponderance of England is now immensely greater than it was at the beginning of the century. In 1812, according to Mr. Colquhoun, the total wealth of the United Kingdom was, in round numbers, 2,700 millions. It is now, according to Mr. Giffen, a little over 10,000 millions. In three-quarters of a century, therefore, the wealth of the country has been multiplied fully four times, allowing for the fact that prices during the great war were very much higher than they are now. Mr. Giffen has been able to trace back to the beginning of the seventeenth century various estimates of the wealth of England, exclusive of both Ireland and Scotland. He believes those estimates to have been made by official persons, or persons with access to good official information, and who, besides, pursued good methods and gave much care and attention to their work. At all events, the estimates are interesting, even if they represent nothing more than the best opinion of the times at which they were made of the actual condition of the country. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the wealth of England is estimated at about 100 millions. About the middle of last century the estimate had risen to about 500 millions. According to the best expert opinion of the times, that is to say, the wealth of the country was multiplied about five times from the period of the accession of the House of Stuart to the period

* *Anglo-Saxon Chronicles DCCC—MI.* With Notes and Vocabulary by J. F. Davis, Litt.D. London: Whittaker. 1889.

† *The Growth of Capital.* By Robert Giffen. London: George Bell & Sons.

at which the hopes of that House were finally ended at Culloden. It will be seen that the growth was continuous and considerable, yet it was so slow that it was often hardly discernible at short periods of ten or a dozen years. England, in fact, throughout the century and a half remained an agricultural country mainly. During the second half of last century, however, there was a marked and extraordinary change, for in 1800 the estimate has risen to 1,750 millions. In about half a century, that is to say, the wealth of England alone had been multiplied about $3\frac{1}{2}$ times, while in the preceding century and a half it had been multiplied only about 5 times. Allowance, of course, must be made for the rise of prices during the war; but the main cause of the change was the progress of invention and the great development of both industry and trade. At the end of the eighteenth century England had already become a great manufacturing and trading country.

According to the census taken in 1880 the wealth of the United States in that year was a little over 8,700 millions. M. de Foville, an eminent French economist, estimates the wealth of France in 1886 at 7,200 millions; and M. Pantaleoni, an able Italian economist, estimates the wealth of Italy in 1884 at 1,920 millions sterling. The census figures of the United States are very nearly equal to Mr. Giffen's estimate of the wealth of the United Kingdom in 1875—that is to say, the United States would appear to be about five years behind the United Kingdom. But wealth and population are both growing so rapidly in the United States that it would not be surprising if this year's census were to show the wealth there nearly, or even quite, equal to Mr. Giffen's estimate for the United Kingdom. Turning to France, we find that one of the ablest of French statisticians and economists estimates her wealth at about three-quarters Mr. Giffen's estimate for the United Kingdom, while the population of France is slightly greater than our own. We saw just now how greatly the preponderance of England in the United Kingdom has increased since the beginning of the century. In these figures we again have evidence of the much higher place the United Kingdom now holds amongst European nations than she held at the beginning of the century. Then France was, beyond question, the most powerful single state in Europe. Now, even if we leave out of account altogether our colonies and dependencies, the United Kingdom has greater resources than France. No doubt the French population is slightly larger, and as that population increases very slowly, a larger proportion in it than with ourselves consists of men of the military age. Were a great war, therefore, to break out, France has a larger reserve of men to draw upon than the United Kingdom, standing alone; but, on the other hand, the fact that the population here grows so much more rapidly than in France would give this country an enormous advantage if the war were to be protracted. If it were to last, for instance, as long as the revolutionary wars that ended with Waterloo, and if there were not a more rapid increase of population in France than there is now, the French population would be almost worn out, while the British population would be reinforced again and again. Further, the wealth of the United Kingdom is so much greater than that of France that, if both countries had to fight for existence, England would be able to spend 400 millions sterling for every 300 millions sterling that France could spend. Turning in the last place to Italy, we see how immeasurably inferior she is to France. Roughly her population is about three-quarters that of France, and as it grows more rapidly than the French, the proportion of men of the military age is smaller than in France. It would be easier, therefore, for France to put 800,000 men in the field than for Italy to put 600,000. And further, if the estimates we have quoted are even rough approximations to the truth, the wealth of Italy is only two-sevenths that of France. In other words, if the two countries had to fight for existence, France could spend 700 millions as easily as Italy could spend 200 millions, and at the same time and under the same conditions we could spend nearly 1,000 millions.

SPAIN OF TO-DAY.*

IT is not uncommon to find a considerable gap between pretension and performance in books of travel; but in a longish experience we never saw the interval wider than it is in Mr. Lawson's *Spain of To-day*. On the title-page it is called a "Descriptive, Industrial, and Financial Survey of the Peninsula, with a full Account of the Rio Tinto Mines." What it ought to be called is—Some account, mainly at second-hand, of the iron-mines of Bilbao and the copper-mines of the Rio Tinto, together with a few remarks on the Spanish Budget, by a gentleman who understands mining, or at least the financing of mines, illustrated by such general observations on Spain as may be gathered in a month by a traveller who knows no Spanish. Of Mr. Lawson's ignorance of the language we have no doubt. Valdepena and Los Angeles might be misprints; but when we find the title Don put before surnames twice, another explanation of them imposes itself on the reader. For the rest, Mr. Lawson's hasty notes criticize themselves. They are so exactly what might have been expected from the alert but unqualified traveller. A gentleman

who in any part of Spain saw an unmarried lady accompanied to the train by all the "young Lochinvars" (whoever they may be) of the neighbourhood would be capable of seeing Mahomedan ladies at an English dance. Still, Mr. Lawson is a tourist of the brisk order; and, with the exception of one rather impudent mention of two gentlemen whose names he had no call to meddle with, writes acceptably enough about the very outside of the outside of the things of Spain. Moreover, as we have already allowed, Mr. Lawson's book does contain some solid information about matters which he does seem to understand—namely, mines, and the financial management of them. He says somewhat with meaning in it about the iron deposits at Bilbao, and his five chapters on the Rio Tinto give a quite acceptable sketch of the history of that amazing deposit of copper, the working and financing of it. They are, in plain English, the kernel of the book, and, if they had been contributed to a local paper by "our valued fellow-townsmen Mr. Lawson," would have been most commendable "copy." They hardly, however, deserved to be padded and sent out in a volume.

THE POPE AND THE NEW ERA.*

IN chronicling the appearance of this book we described it as "diverting." We should be sorry if this seems flippant to any one; but we really can find no better word. To take Mr. Stead seriously is impossible. We believe him, whatever other people may think, to be an honest man enough, with a certain amount of decidedly "crank" brains—a description differentiating him notably from some more distinguished persons whom he himself much admires. But the strength of his prejudices, the fathomless depth of his self-conceit, the colossal scale of his accumulated ignorances, and the peculiar character of his breeding, make his opinions, or even his reported observations on any particular point, valueless, except as a source of amusement. The report, even the opinion, of a dishonest man is only less valuable than the report or the opinion of a thoroughly honest one when you have once discovered the equation (which is seldom hard to find) of the former's dishonesty. You correct and utilize. But the thoughts and words of a "crank," often very amusing and interesting in themselves, and as a study of crankery, can never afford actual instruction to any human being, except the anthropologist, to whose net all that comes is fish. We must, therefore, be excused from criticizing Mr. Stead's direct pronouncements on the Pope and the new era, on Catholicism generally, and especially on the Persico mission, though the remarks on the latter are very tempting. Mr. Stead, who is guilelessness personified, tells us that a certain Irish Archbishop looked "with undisguised distrust" on that mission.

Archbishops looked with undisguised distrust
On Envoys only seeking to be just (*Higgins MS. penes nos*).

Again, his account of how Dr. Walsh was at first afraid that he would have to condemn the Plan of Campaign, and on looking into it found to his great relief that he need not, is the most comical thing of the particular political kind that we have recently read. It has scarcely been paralleled since the immortal ecclesiastic, origin of endless stories, who hesitated to eat a fowl on Friday till he was informed that his eyesight deceived him, it being really a fine carp. And then he ate that carp, much relieved.

Amusing as all this is, however, it would be a bad compliment to the readers of the *Saturday Review* to argue gravely against it. It is better worth while to point to it and other things like it as most curious and interesting anthropological instances. Such instances abound throughout the book. At the very opening, among other innocent *épanchements*, Mr. Stead writes, "I have spent my working life in editing Radical newspapers, an occupation which left me neither leisure nor inclination for the studies necessary to enable me to appreciate the history of the past." Imagine a man gravely setting to work to "edit Radical newspapers"—that is to say, to direct political argument—with, by his own showing, a total ignorance of that without which political argument is as vain breath as would be the first passer-by's opinion of the question whether a sufferer's limb should be amputated or not. But we were quite prepared after this frankness to find Mr. Stead talking quite glibly of "the history of the past" itself. And we were not disappointed. Mr. Freeman himself could not more confidently turn a period with references to the days "when Charlemagne was crowned in the Church of St. Peter, when Leo drove Alaric from the city of the Holy See." On page 1 I know nothing about the history of the past, on page 12 I talk about Alaric and Charlemagne as though they lived next door to me. So, further, we hear of the "barren polemics of the middle ages" from a writer who has just told us that he knows nothing about the middle ages. Mr. Stead rises superior to these base quibbles. Like a figure in the historic page, he "prosperes and redacts," and really we do not know that in this age the best qualification for prosperous redaction is not writing about matters in respect of which you are utterly ignorant.

There is a great deal more of this excellent fun to be had out of the book; such as, for instance, how Mr. Stead was made "almost sick" by an intelligent Roman doctor, who pointed out

* *Spain of To-day*. A Descriptive, Industrial, and Financial Survey of the Peninsula. With a full Account of the Rio Tinto Mines. By W. R. Lawson. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

* *The Pope and the New Era*. By W. T. Stead. London: Cassells.

to him that, if England opened diplomatic relations with the Vatican, she would be able to prevent persons like Dr. Walsh from being appointed to positions of trust and influence. This Roman doctor, by the way, must have been a person of much merit, for he had "a spirit absolutely opposed to the mind that is in Cardinal Manning." Somewhat later Mr. Stead tells us a story about Caligula; though, by his own showing, he knows nothing about Caligula. And so it goes on. All which makes a curious and interesting revelation—first, of individual character, and, secondly, of the kind of thing which finds a public nowadays. Our ancestors may have carried their respect for learning too far; but, at any rate, the excess was venial and reasonable compared with this modern respect for ignorance. Yet the thing is, as we have said, interesting enough to carry one through much rigmarole about "the Pope's Temptation" (which, it seems, is to be single-eyed, and not as these Mannings); much penny-a-lining about "black violet Italian skies," and "sweet-featured Irish nuns" (oh, fie, Mr. Stead! what have you to do with the sweet features of nuns?), some sheer interviewing, and, we think, the twenty-fifth confident description of the New Era we have read recently. Of this last we can only say that it appears to be radically inconsistent with the other twenty-four, though not more so than each of them was with all their fellows.

NOVELS.*

LUCINDA is rather a bewildering story. To begin with, it is anything but easy to keep pace with an author who talks of the pavement as a wayfaring convenience, of fictionary angels, and of the ravages caused by the Paphian boy; but what is still worse is the frequent necessity of jumping into the middle of next week, or even further. As early as the fourth chapter we find ourselves "leaping, in fact, over a period of nearly eighteen years"; later on, "we are going to jump into the autumn"; and, again, "we now jump over nearly a whole year"; while once or twice, "it needeth us to take a peep backwards"; or we may be invited "to put on the convenient travelling cap and winged shoes of Hermes," so as to arrive at Furze Farm on the following morning. The plot is simple and unpleasant. The tale opens with what is meant by the chief actor in the ceremony to be a mock marriage. Lucinda is the offspring of this union, which turns out to be a legitimate one, after all. Toward the end of the book she is just going to marry her half-brother when everything is discovered. The other incidents include some rather full-flavoured stories of life at a Woolwich crammer's, and a scene from the relief of Lucknow, when, we notice, the pipers of the North Caledonian Highlanders were in full play. It seems a pity that Major White did not exercise his undoubted powers of circumlocution when writing of the fancy ball at Woolwich, or of the too gallant attentions bestowed by the Hon. Tom Tibberton on his tutor's cook. We could have dispensed, too, with some of the examples given of the Hon. Tom's "Rosherville Garden way of opening a conversation." There is nothing very remarkable about the other characters in the story. Captain Walter, who so narrowly escaped marrying his half-sister, may be descriptively dismissed, to use the author's phrase, by saying that he dressed in a fashionable but unembarrassed style, which made him a favourite lady's man. Miss Lottie's "way of giving a loose rein to her sportiveness" will be sufficiently indicated by explaining that, on one occasion, she illudes half a dozen men into proposing to her, with the amiable design of making fools of them all. As regards the style in which the book is written, one can only hope that the next time Major White publishes a novel he will ask the school-master attached to his regiment to help him.

Miss Potter, the victim of *An Unfortunate Arrangement*, is a young lady with a really lovely face and a most desirable body, albeit rather wiry. She takes a bath, we venture to add, every morning, and there are visible traces of down on the nape of her neck. Her cousin Ida, whose father is a Royal Academician, contains the promise of becoming fat; but Ida's straight lines and curves—for further details consult the original—form a subject for delightful contemplation. To Mr. McEwan, a lantern-jawed personage, who writes indifferent poetry, the downy and wiry Miss Potter seems a sublime lyric-made flesh, and when his uncle leaves him 4,000*l.* a year he proposes to her. The sublime lyric incarnate at once accepts, but only to throw him over a few days afterwards in favour of his friend, Harold Stanton, an impecunious barrister of good family and low morals. Mr. Stanton holds that the seduction of the virtuous and the corruption of the innocent is much more entertaining than any quantity of technical vice; and when Miss Potter weakly gives him an opportunity of compromising her, he welcomes it with avidity as one of those "splendid unique chances" which must be seized at any risk. At this point McEwan intervenes, and insists on

Stanton marrying the young lady, bribing him with a half share of his own income. This is the unfortunate arrangement referred to on the title-page. The marriage turns out badly. Mr. Stanton tries to poison his wife, and falls in love with a barmaid—"yea, such love as a tiger has for fresh blood." Finally he commits suicide. Mr. McEwan marries the potentially fat daughter of the Royal Academician, their engagement being brought about in a way somewhat unusual even in fiction. Mr. Potter, R.A., gives a dinner-party; and McEwan, who is one of the guests, is invited by the daughter of the house to join her as soon as he can in the drawing-room, which he accordingly does. Here they share a bottle of dry monopole between them, and Ida sits on his knee; but perhaps enough has been said to show that *An Unfortunate Arrangement* is an unfortunate book in every respect.

Origen hoped that even the devil might be saved in the end, and there is assuredly no obstacle which may not be overcome to the ultimate regeneration of the professional bookmaker. Of course, we only mean the gentleman who takes six to four on the field; regarding certain other makers of books, Origen himself would sometimes feel despondent. Under favourable conditions, too, the proprietor of a quack medicine might be transformed into a decent fellow; and in fiction, at any rate, such possibilities may be admitted, if only to encourage the others. The Brummagem Baron, however, has practised both professions in turn, so a double demand is made on one's faith. He has been blackleg and welsheer, nor is his record much better as a maker of pills warranted to cure every disease that human flesh is heir to. Born in a back slum in the city of B—, Walter Barrett spends his earlier days in a workhouse; but, after many vicissitudes, we find him earning a handsome income as a bookmaker, and laying the foundations of a substantial fortune. He soon lives down the scandal of the welsheing episode, when he had to run for his life from a mob of "illogical thieves and savages," as he indignantly calls them. Memories are short on the Turf, and worse sins than Walter Barrett's are forgotten, especially when the sinner has a turn of luck. However, a later transaction he gets mixed up in—something to do with the scratching of the favourite just before a big race—ends in his retiring from the betting-ring of his own accord; so deeply is he hurt by the comments of the sporting press and the sullen looks of suspicious backers. He then invents his patent pill, is created a baron by some Continental potentate, and there is no saying to what eminence of legitimate rascality the workhouse boy might not have soared. Everything is in his favour; and, as he truly observes, this is the age of quackery. "There never was such a day for humbug and clap-trap"; and for a very simple reason. A quack prefers that his dupes should fancy they know a thing or two. The man who thinks himself a good judge of a horse is the dealer's favourite customer. Now, thanks to the School Board and the newspapers, the ignorant majority imagine they are wise, which is the quack's opportunity. In a generation or two, the Brummagem Baron expects, they may waken once more to a sense of their ignorance, and quacks of all kinds will not have half such a good time of it. But we must not follow the Baron in his new career. He gets tired of the pill, and begins to feel that his life has been a failure after all. Gradually he develops a conscience, and the story ends with his complete reformation. It is cleverly written, and the Baron's views on certain aspects of social reform are well worth attention.

The Mynns' Mystery is a story somewhat after the pattern of the Tichborne case. The claimant, however, does his best to murder the real Sir Roger—George Harrington, that is to say—when the two men are out shooting together, in the Rocky Mountains. He gives him a tremendous blow on the head with the butt end of a rifle, and then throws his victim's apparently lifeless body over a precipice at least three hundred feet in sheer height. The rightful heir thus disposed of, Dan Portway goes to England, where, passing himself off as George Harrington, he not only gets possession of the large fortune bequeathed to that luckless person by an uncle, but is also accepted by Gertrude Bellwood as her affianced husband, she having promised, at the old uncle's earnest entreaty, to marry George at sight, or, at any rate, on demand. It is hardly a breach of confidence to say that George, the real George, in spite of his fractured skull and fearful fall, turns up, safe and sound, later on; as in a sensational novel he was bound to. The difficulty in a case of this kind lies not so much in bringing the man to life again as in producing him at the critical moment; and this Mr. Manville Fenn manages with his customary ingenuity. At the same time, it is a little hard on the lawyers to represent them as receiving the false claimant so readily and yet being so slow to recognize the rightful heir; nor is it altogether satisfactory to find a nice girl like Miss Bellwood so ready to marry first one and then the other. However, the real excitement begins with the mysterious disappearance of Dan Portway, and here we must leave the reader to the full enjoyment of the situation. The plot is worked out with great skill, but Saul Harrington's death seems needlessly horrible.

Mrs. Hall's well-intentioned story, *Eric Rotherham*, would have been thought a terribly dangerous book for household reading a generation ago. The motive—or, at any rate, one of the motives—is to show that, if the English working-man is provided with good music in the open air on Sunday afternoons, it will matter very little about his being *parvus deorum cultor et infrequens* and not going to church in the morning. The two clergymen who figure in the tale are both supposed to be unutterably shocked at

* *Lucinda*. A Novel. By Major G. F. White. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

An Unfortunate Arrangement. By John Hill. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

A Brummagem Baron. By John A. Bridges. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

The Mynns' Mystery. By George Manville Fenn. London: Warne & Co. 1890.

Eric Rotherham. By Mrs. William D. Hall. London: Digby & Long. 1890.

what they call the desecration of the Sabbath; and the author not only denounces them for being narrow-minded in this matter, but makes them cut a poor figure in other respects. The good man of the story is not a clergyman, but a doctor, and even a fashionable one. Of Eric Rotherham himself it is enough to say that he is a young man of humble fortunes, but excellent disposition, who plays beautifully on the violin, and marries the daughter of a baronet. A profligate aristocrat, the Hon. Andersen Blythe, is doubtless a survival from *Marie*, a story to which *Eric Rotherham* is meant to be a sequel; and we are pleased to find him, in the end, aware of the error of his ways.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOL. XXII.*

THE reader who opens this volume about the middle will find himself among seventy-eight Gordons, and thereupon will probably turn to the notice of the hero of Khartoum. The writer, Colonel Veitch, R.E., has well discharged a delicate task. "Susceptibilities," of course, had to be considered; and, as in the case of Forster in a previous volume, much more could probably have been said if it had been seemly to say it. The day will doubtless come when the miserable tale of the sacrifice of Gordon—miserable for us at home in England, not for him—can be fully told. In the meanwhile it is enough for Colonel Veitch simply to say "The delay had been fatal." The whole article is well and quietly written, and in good taste, save for one drop into "newspaper English," when we read that "Gordon was received with a perfect ovation."

Passing on from Gordon to Graham, we come upon another man of heroic type—James Graham, first Marquess of Montrose. He fares, perhaps, somewhat hardly in being put into the hands of Mr. S. R. Gardiner. It is true that in many ways he could not find a more competent biographer. To speak of Mr. Gardiner's knowledge of Montrose's period of history would be well-nigh an impertinence; and it is needless to say that his remarks upon Montrose's military abilities and political aims are excellent. But the man himself should call forth some warmth, some glow; and Mr. Gardiner sedulously cultivates coldness. He achieves a triumph of literary asceticism in forbearing to describe the last days of "the Great Marquis," or to let fall one word of admiration for the heroic closing scene. "Montrose, dressed 'in his red scarlet cassock,' was hanged in the Grassmarket," he says, as dry as if he was recording that Maria Manning, dressed in a black satin gown, was hanged at Horsemonger Lane Gaol. However, these are doubtless frivolous complaints. We may, perhaps, venture to remark that "Henry," as the name of Montrose's antagonist at Auldearn, is presumably a misprint for Hurry.

Mr. Gardiner's method has the merit of brevity. Barely four pages suffice him for Montrose, while it takes Mr. Henderson nearly sixteen to do justice to Graham of Claverhouse. Clearness and force would have been gained by the condensation of minor details. And anxiety to state both sides of a question is pushed rather far when, having Claverhouse's own statement that at Drumclog his horse was ripped up under him by a pitchfork, Mr. Henderson thinks it necessary to add, "or a scythe, according to another version." We would have taken Claverhouse's word for the pitchfork. But, after these criticisms, we must in fairness say that the article is one which we have read with great interest. It is worth noting that the biographer gives reasons for rejecting the accepted date, 1643, of Claverhouse's birth, and for placing it about 1649, which certainly appears to be more in harmony with the facts of his life. On one point Mr. Henderson seems to us too exacting. He thinks that Claverhouse ought not to have wrung a confession from a man by putting him up as if to be shot, knowing all the while that he could not legally proceed to extremity. "He had no right to apply the mental strain." Granted—theoretically; but, as things go, is it reasonable to expect a seventeenth-century military man of Continental training to be nice about applying "mental strain"? It is well enough that he did not apply lighted matches between the fingers.

An English Graham of later days—Sir James Graham of Netherby—finds a biographer in Professor Creighton, who does not often stray so far into modern times, but who, no doubt, feels a Cumbrian's interest in his subject. Of Grants there are well-nigh fifty, among them Sir William Keir-Grant, or Grant-Keir, one of the eight British officers present in the once-famous action of Villiers-en-Couche, which saved the Emperor Francis II. from falling into the hands of the French. Mr. Russell Barker's article on Grattan will find many readers in these days when everybody is supposed to be up in "Poyning's Law" and "Grattan's Parliament," and the history, blackguardly or otherwise, of the Union. Mr. Rigg treats of Judge Glynn, Cromwell's Chief Justice; but does not mention the tradition which makes Glynn one of the actors in the *Spectator's* story of the two Westminster scholars. Among the literary articles the most important are those on Gower and Goldsmith, the latter by Mr. Leslie Stephen, the former by Mr. Sidney Lee, who now shares with Mr. Stephen the credit of editorship. Godwin (of *Political Justice* and *Caleb Williams*)

is also treated of by Mr. Stephen, who amusingly characterizes him, in his relations with Shelley, as "the venerable horseleech." The name of Gorham calls up reminiscences of fierce wars of old; and among the unimportant people whose memories biographical dictionaries preserve we note Lieutenant Hugh Colvill Goldsmith, who, by upsetting the Cornish Logan Stone, won for himself a notoriety like unto that of Herostratus. It is some excuse for him that he was the nephew of Oliver Goldsmith, who would have been quite capable of a similar freak. Lastly, the Dictionary maintains its reputation for being "down to date" by including a notice of Sir Daniel Gooch, of railway and telegraphic fame, who died only last autumn.

JEANNE D'ARC.*

AMONG the books called forth by the effort to procure the canonization of Jeanne d'Arc this volume deserves a high place, for it contains a carefully written and picturesque account of the Maid's achievements and sufferings. M. Blaze de Bury believes that the time is still far distant when her right to be reckoned as a saint will be declared by Papal authority; he maintains that she is worthy of the honour, and, whatever may be said as to this theological question, takes safe ground in magnifying her devotion to her country. He tells us that, as her mind moved within the limits imposed by the age in which she lived, she could form no other idea of her country's cause than that expressed in the phrase "God and the King"; as a peasant girl of the middle ages she knew no better. This is perfectly true, and a Frenchman might do well to consider whether, after all, she was less clear-sighted than a later generation of her countrymen who killed their King and denied their God. He prefaces his remarks on the supernatural side of Jeanne's life by notices of other famous women—such as St. Bridget, St. Catharine of Sweden, and St. Catharine of Siena—who, before her time, had made claims of a somewhat similar kind, and explains her Voices by observing:—

Dieu n'inspire que ceux qui le cherchent, et Jeanne cherchait Dieu, mais il n'est point donné aux plus parfaits d'entre nous de le chercher toujours où on le trouve. La vérité sur Jeanne d'Arc est là, tout le monde le sait.

The story is well told, though we are rather too often called upon to reflect how noble the Maid was; her words and actions need few comments. Nor is the comparison between her and our Saviour which is made over and over again agreeable to English taste. Frequent extracts from contemporary chroniclers give piquancy to the narrative, which, minute as it is, never flags. One of its most stirring scenes is the assault on the Tournelles, the fortress held by the English on the southern bank of the Loire opposite Orleans; indeed, all the incidents in the relief of the city are recorded with much spirit. Special prominence is given to the unworthy treatment which the Maid received from her own countrymen. At first despised and suspected, she was soon exposed to the jealous hatred of the most powerful faction at the Court. While her extraordinary successes, due partly to the enthusiasm which her presence excited among the French soldiers and partly to the superstitious fears of the English, overcame the unwillingness of the leaders of the army to be guided by her advice, they stirred up the selfishness of those whose private interests they seemed to threaten. This selfishness was, M. Blaze de Bury contends, the sole cause of her final failure. There was no unfaithfulness to her mission as she conceived it, and no transgression of its limits. From the first she had announced that she was sent to make the King master of the whole kingdom, and, though the consecration at Rheims declared him King of France, it could not be regarded as the accomplishment of her mission—"au sens mystique, la prophétie de Chinon était accomplie; au sens politique, elle ne l'était pas." Her mission was only partially fulfilled because it was opposed by Charles VII. and his councillors. While her Voices ever bade her go forward, they kept her back, curtailed the sphere of her activity, and thwarted or overruled her plans. La Trémoille, Reynaud, Bishop of Chartres, and the idle, cold-hearted King himself were unwilling that France should be saved by her. While this view is in the main correct, we think that M. Blaze de Bury, in common with other writers on the same side, is apt to exaggerate his case. Great as the Maid's victories had been, it was still a matter of the first importance to win over Philip of Burgundy; for it was not unreasonable to believe that, until he was reconciled to the King, it was impossible to gain possession of Paris or to bring the war to a triumphant conclusion. In August 1429 the Burgundian lords were in favour of peace, and we cannot join in condemning the King for entering into negotiations with the Duke at Compiègne. After remaining impatiently for some days at Compiègne, Jeanne, on the failure of the negotiations, took matters into her own hands, and, in company with Alençon, marched towards Paris without the King's leave. Her defeat at the Porte Saint-Honoré is attributed to the fact that Charles was present with the body of reserves; "car la présence du roi eut des conséquences pires que son éloignement; tous les désastres de cette journée si fatale pour Jeanne vinrent de lui et de son

* Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vol. XXII. Glover—Gravet. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.

* Jeanne d'Arc. Par Henri Blaze de Bury. Paris: Perrin et Cie 1890.

attitude négative, sinon ouvertement hostile." The assault was not supported; but the presence of the King is doubtful. However this may have been, she was certainly hardly used after her repulse. In spite of all that she had done for the King, and the proofs that she had given of her capacity, she found herself excluded from all councils of war, and treated as a mere pageant to encourage the French, and frighten the English and Burgundians by her presence; "pythonisse découronnée, bonne à montrer aux soldats, mais dont les oracles sont la risée des chefs." A touching account is given of her sufferings in prison, of the long procès, during which she was forced to answer the questions of her pitiless judges, and of her heroic death. Charles stretched out no hand to save her, and her countrymen made themselves the instruments of the vengeance of the English. Her character is carefully described, her personal purity being descanted on at needless length. In spite of her fervent devotion, her compassion for the distressed, and her complete unselfishness, she does not answer to the ordinary type of holiness presented by canonized saints. At the outset of her career she silenced with her rough answers the ecclesiastics who examined her at Chinon, and, as we are reminded here, "elle ne brillait point par la patience; bonne, douce, enjouée, elle avait des révoltes soudaines quand il s'agissait de faire respecter l'autorité dont le ciel et le roi l'avaient investie." Nor, as is proved by the well-known story of how her sword was broken, was her method of dealing with a certain class of sinners exactly one of love. She was a captain of the army of France, and kept order in the camp as became her position. As to whether such things should be a bar to canonization, we do not pretend to judge. Rome has had, and perhaps still has, other reasons for not granting her the honour. M. Blaze de Bury is, however, mistaken in supposing that Englishmen would feel aggrieved if it were granted. Strange as it may seem to a Frenchman, we have never met one of our fellow-countrymen who ground his teeth at the mention of Orleans or Patay.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

DR. LOMBROSO, Professor of soul-healing ("Psychiatrie") and legal medicine in the University of Turin, is beyond all question the chief of those who would reduce crime to a matter of calculation and anthropometry. Any work of his is therefore interesting; and we for our part (who think that in plunging into ways like these medical science is simply making a fool of itself, and, what is more, reducing the whole of the much-vaunted scientific progress of our days to the absurd) very gladly recognize that no more honest exponent of his own views exists than Professor Lombroso. A critic of his has urged that he "has no right to affirm the existence of a criminal type when he himself admits that the type is absolutely undiscoverable in sixty per cent. of observed instances." Signor Lombroso quotes this, admits the fact, and still argues against it on the doctrine of averages. He is an unconscious plagiarist, if it be true that an unfortunate refreshment contractor once, when his bankruptcy came before the registrar, argued that it was true he lost on an average three halfpence on each shilling dinner, but that "the numbers paid." Of the minor results in Signor Lombroso's book (1) we can give an example with a view to showing their character. For instance, it has been, it seems, demonstrated that the zygomatic distance in prostitutes, female thieves, village girls of the north, village girls of the south, and ladies in good society varies so much as in the proportions eleven decimal three, eleven decimal two, ten decimal nine, eleven decimal four, and eleven decimal three. There can be no doubt about the value of this observation. It enables you, if you have a pair of compasses and are not afraid of having your own zygomatic processes boxed, to tell whether any feminine person of your acquaintance is a thief, a villager of the north, a villager of the south, or (which she may be, it seems, equally) a prostitute or a lady in good society. And it is this preposterous and puerile bosh that we call science nowadays!

Another "scientist" of the same type (though it is not a forty in the hundred type this time) is Dr. Tissé, of Bordeaux (2), who has a speciality in hypnotism. Dr. Tissé's favourite "subject" appears to be a kind of *royou* whom he calls Albert, and whose occupations appear to alternate between work now and then, stealing money from his wife, somnambulist or pretended somnambulist, journeys about the country, and less describable practices. Dr. Tissé performs experiments on Albert; and Albert (we must own, somewhat to our admiration) rises to the occasion invariably. He always does what Dr. Tissé's theories require him to do, which is greatly to his credit. From this and other *cogitata et visa* Dr. Tissé comes to such conclusions as that "les rêves d'origine absolument psychique n'existent pas." Q.E.D. But it is comforting to learn that "representations may be, turn by turn, concreto-visual, abstract-visual, concreto-abstract-visual, concreto-auditive, abstract-auditive, concreto-abstract-auditive, &c." "This is a werry gratifying thing, and eases one's mind so much," especially the "&c." Statistics and jargon, jargon and statistics; voilà la science d'aujourd'hui!

Peine perdue (3) is a book of merit containing the history of a spoilt child. Camille Devrilliers is the son of a country potter

who has a mania, but an unsuccessful one, for chemistry. The son pens a stanza when he should lie among the pots, and when his father suddenly dies accepts with much calmness the sacrifice of his sister, who gives up her marriage and assumes the direction of the pottery, in order that she may keep him with the major part of the proceeds as a "littery gent" at Paris. He falls in with a certain newspaper-man—easily recognizable as a study from Villemessant—marries his daughter, and establishes himself as a successful novelist, a dramatist of at least *avenir*, and a "man at good fortunes," which last accomplishment does not wholly bring him luck. Meanwhile his sister is still the good angel in sore straits of the family, and only at the last is she rewarded, while most of her actual suffering is *peine perdue*, after all. M. Emile Hinzelin (4) is something of a "precious" writer, and the hero of his numerous short tales, André Marsy, is a fop, and occasionally a bad-hearted fop. Nevertheless, the book is uncommon and worth reading. The worst thing in it (besides its occasional coxcombry, literary and other) is that silly anti-Germanism which for the last year or two we had hoped was dying down a little in France. Let Frenchmen by all means, if they can, beat Germans as "thorough and thorough" as Jack of Marlborough once beat themselves, at the next try; but meanwhile why not speak of your enemy as a gentleman speaks? Nevertheless, "Le chevreuil blanc," "Remords d'une bonne action," "Le loyer d'une eau-forte," and others are good stories. We cannot say very much for *Comme dans la vie* (5), which would have been better named "As it is not in life." Cunard boats do not go to Southampton, and though there may be 100,000 franc notes in France, there are certainly not 4,000 in England. The position of the hero towards his Prussian-American employeress is *louche* and unpleasant from the beginning. He does not really murder her at all, considering that she tried to murder him first, and the whole thing is improbable and displeasing. The author of *Le fils de Coralie* is not exactly a great writer, but he can, or could, do better things than this. As for *Mademoiselle Henri* (6), it is decidedly unequal. The men are all bad, by which we do not mean that they are "improper"—for, with the exception of a naughty Italian prince, they are quite the reverse—but they are not natural. The heroine is a fair, but not quite successful, study of the thoroughly selfish woman; but we should doubt whether in practice any one so thoroughly self-centred and rather wide-awake as Jeanne de Glenne would be likely to make such a fool of herself. The minor absurdities of the book are almost startling. Could any one in the world but a Frenchman create a "peer of Ireland" with such a title as "le duc Moran O'Leary"?

We have a few schoolbooks to notice. M. Barrère's choice of *Jeanne d'Arc* (7) as a reading-book is sensible enough, but the introduction (most of it is quoted from "the author of *Mirabeau*." Who is the author of *Mirabeau*?) is very thin, and the notes too frequently mere interferences with the proper use of the dictionary. Mr. Russell's selections from Mérimée (8) have no introduction at all, which is a great mistake, but the notes, though few, are fair. Mr. Bowen's *Sentences* (9) are what they describe themselves as being, and should be really useful for *vivâ voce* class-work.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

RECENT *Economic Changes*, by David A. Wells, LL.D. (Longmans & Co.), is a book with a statistical basis and a practical aim, dealing with recent economic disturbances, the causes of trade depression, fall of prices, and other agitating influences in the world's markets. So far as Mr. Wells is a diligent inquirer into the sources of disturbances in commerce, and his survey is extensive, his book is an exception to the rule that inquiries into economic questions are apt to partake of a purely theoretical character, and to reveal at all points the all-inspiring bias of the theorist. Mr. Wells illustrates his work with abundant statistical material, and his figures are intelligibly set forth and sustain effectively his conclusions. On such subjects as trade depression, production, the changed conditions of employment through improved facilities of distribution, the author's treatment is broad and discriminating. For example, starting with the year 1873, he illustrates the singularly divergent views of economic doctors, and shows how official inquiries, Commissions and Committees, have been too ready to assign to merely local influences or to secondary causes the trade depression that then set in. In one country the ill is found to lie in the fall in price of beet-root sugar; in other lands it is the low price of German vinegar, protective tariffs, the "immigration of Polish Jews," heavy foreign loans, excessive taxation, appreciation of gold, and so forth. Even the bugbear "over-production," as the fundamental cause of depression that was universal, is rejected by Mr. Wells; for, as he cogently remarks, all nations

(4) *André Marsy*. Par Emile Hinzelin. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *Comme dans la vie*. Par A. Delpit. Paris: Ollendorff.

(6) *Mademoiselle Henri*. Par E. Grimblot. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(7) *Lamartine's Jeanne d'Arc*. By A. Barrère. Boston U.S.: Heath & Co.

(8) *Episodes from Xateo Falcone, &c.* By W. E. Russell. London: Rivingtons.

(9) *Sentences for Translation into French*. By E. E. Bowen. London: Percival.

(1) *L'anthropologie criminelle*. Par C. Lombroso. Paris: Alcan.

(2) *Les rêves*. Par le Dr. Tissé. Paris: Alcan.

(3) *Peine perdue*. Par Jeanne Mairet. Paris: Ollendorff.

could not with one accord have fallen into a course of unprofitable production.

Mr. William Sharp's *Life of Robert Browning*, "Great Writers" Series (Walter Scott), is in form a critical essay on the poet's work rather than a biography—a *mémoire pour servir* the author calls it, and the term is aptly applied. We should have preferred, perhaps, to have had, in the place of certain pages of rather florid commentary, the letters and anecdotes which the "imperative need of concision" compelled Mr. Sharp to hold back. This drawback acknowledged, there is something to commend in Mr. Sharp's conscientious and sympathetic review of the poet's writings, from *Pauline* to *Asolando*. In the first place, it is pleasant to note that Mr. Sharp is not one of the adoring elect who magnify what is little and least, and confuse the trivial and accidental with the essential and the important. He has attempted a critical estimate, which is, on the whole, sound and temperate, and his classification of Browning's chief poems appears to us to show genuine discernment and skill.

Mr. Gilbert Macquoid's sketches of travel, entitled *Up and Down* (Ward & Downey), deal with the well-beaten tracks of tourists; a tour that commenced with Antwerp, embraced Berne, the Gemmi, Zermatt, Milan, the Italian lakes, the St. Gothard, Davos, and ended with Rothenburg. The record of travel, however, is brightly written, and rendered admirably attractive by Mr. T. R. Macquoid's drawings.

The name of Constantine Rhigas of Phæria is, as Mrs. Edmonds rightly surmises, known to very few English people, and her biographical sketch, *Rhigas Phærias* (Longmans & Co.), offers as much enlightenment as is now available as to the career of the unfortunate "protomartyr of Greek independence." He lived too soon for the happier distinction of death in the actual struggle for freedom. "Rhigas dead, lived in his songs," said his friend Perseus; and among those songs is the stirring invocation translated by Byron, "Sons of the Greeks, arise!"

In *Clover and Heather*, by William Bruce (Blackwood & Sons), is a volume of lyrics that shows considerable freshness and power. The title symbolizes a pretty sentiment, in which the names of Scott and Washington Irving are associated, and not a few of the author's songs suggest very agreeably "the clover of the Hudson" and the Scottish heather by their spontaneous and natural grace, and a certain open-air flavour that is at no time common to writers of verse. Mr. James Ambrose Story's poems and translations, *Carmina Silulæ* (Authors' Co-operative Co.), comprise some fair examples of the apologue in verse, with certain less tolerable essays in verse, such as "The Old Year's Death," wherein we read:—

And the young moon looked on too,
As she sailed across the sky
Among the clouds, which by
Majestically flew.

An exceedingly pretty volume of songs is *Meadowsweet*, by the author of *Marsh Marigolds* (Rugby: G. E. Over), and the contents accord with the dainty imprints so well, it is a pity the author did not make a larger venture than the limited issue of fifty copies. His lyrics show a happy gift of expression, a delicacy of fancy, a light graceful touch, that recall the inspiration of some of our seventeenth-century lyrics. They are true songs, for the most part; spontaneous, not manufactured.

Engelberg; and other Verses, by the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Toller-mache (Percival & Co.), comprise several poems of a meditative cast, pleasantly suggestive of Wordsworthian influence at times, and illustrated by a characteristic etching by Mr. W. Strang, a vision of "Time and Death"—an "old-world spot," a "place of undisturbed peace," where Time,

A gray old man still wields his scythe, and where
He dares to stop and wheats the blunted steel.

Of *A Singer in the Outer Court*, by Alice F. Barry (Biggs & Debenham), there is little to note beyond the average "accomplishment of verse" of our minor poets, and a sensitiveness to impressions of extreme natures which is undeniably poetical. We have also to acknowledge a new edition of Mr. James Henderson's *Glimpses of the Beautiful* (Glasgow: Henderson); *Rhymes Real and Romantic*, by M. C. Tyndall (Bristol: Arrow-smith), which contains some fairly spirited ballads, romantic rather than real; and the collected verse of Mr. James McCarroll—*Madeleine; and other Poems* (Chicago: Belford, Clarke, & Co.)—with a preface by Mr. C. L. Hildreth, of a very friendly kind, and some pleasant letters of commendation from Dr. O. W. Holmes.

The new volume of the "Lotos" series is a select edition of the amatory and other lyrics of Mr. Eric Mackay, *A Lover's Litanies; and other Poems* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) We are more moved by the audacious rhymes to be noted in Mr. Mackay's graver poems than by the cloying sweetness of his importunate "litanies." Not easily matched are the rhymes and reverence of these couplets from "Beethoven at the Piano":—

O poet heart! O seraph soul! by men and maids adored!
O Titan with the lion's mane, and with the splendid forehead!

An angel by direct descent, a German by alliance,
Thou didst intone the wonder chords which made Despair a science.

The first volume of a new series of *Acts of the Privy Council*, published by authority, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls and the editorship of Mr. John Roche Dasent, comprises varied and interesting material for historical students in the

form of orders, citations, political charges, and the like, during the years 1542-47.

For the use of military students, officers, engineers, and others Mr. Thomas Newton Andrews has compiled a *Complete and Comprehensive Course of Scale Drawing* (Sutton & Co.), which appears to supply practically all the desirable features of a sound textbook. The scale charts are so printed that they may readily be referred to in reading the text or consulted with the book closed.

From Messrs. Cassell & Co. we have a cheap and very convenient set of *Polytechnic Series Technical Scales*, by Mr. C. F. Mitchell, drawn to fractions of feet and inches, with *Mètre* measures, the whole in a neat case.

The art of "Upright Penmanship," which threatens to supplant the old flowing style that suggests the wind-blown "alien corn" of the poet, is illustrated by example and exposition in *Jackson's Vertical Writing Copy-Books* (Sampson Low & Co.) The new style certainly induces legibility, which is a good thing, though Mr. Jackson should not, we think, instruct the young hand to place one finger only on the pen. Two are better, as our fathers held before us.

Vere Foster's Drawing-Books (Blackie & Son), of which we have a new edition, revised and modernized to some extent, embody a sound and thorough course of instruction.

We have to acknowledge from Messrs. Macmillan & Co. new editions of Mr. Marion Crawford's *Paul Putoff; The Hermits*, by Charles Kingsley; and *The Ogilvies*, by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

A very attractive addition to "Routledge's Pocket Library" is a collection of Longfellow's *Latest Poems*, including the charming sets of lyrics "In the Harbour," "Ultima Thule," some translations that can scarcely be called "latest," and the picturesque scenes in dialogue, "Michael Angelo." To these is appended a characteristic little poem dated "Cambridge, April 10, 1838," attributed to the poet on the authority of the *New York World*.

In the new number of *Travel, Adventure, and Sport*, from Blackwood, Albert Smith's "Ascent of Mont Blanc" is reprinted. The recital is, perhaps, memorable to those who can recall the lecturer rather than for any notable quality in the writer.

The *Torquay Pictorial*, a useful guide and description of a very charming place, is published at the Torquay Directory Office, and, though perhaps a little large and "floppy," will be welcome both to visitors and others.

We have also received two volumes of the "Smaller Cambridge Bible for Schools," *St. Mark*, by the Rev. G. F. Maclear, D.D., and *St. Luke*, by Archdeacon Farrar (Macmillan & Co.), handy commentaries, well suited to the needs of classes in elementary schools; from the Secretary of the "University Correspondence Classes," a useful *Manual for Beginners*, which is also a guide for students to the Matriculation examination at the London University; *The Ethical Teaching of Froebel* (Kegan Paul), two essays by Mary J. Lyschinska and the late Theresé G. Montefiore, winners of the Froebel Society's prize; *Arius, the Lybian*, a romance of the Primitive Church (Appleton & Co.); *Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia*, edited by Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D., the fifth volume; *In Cloud and Sunshine*, by J. Pierce, M.A. (Trübner & Co.); *Poetical Reminiscences*, by Robert Swordy (Simpkin & Co.) and *The Sunday A B C*, illustrated by Oswald Fleuss (Roper & Drowley).

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